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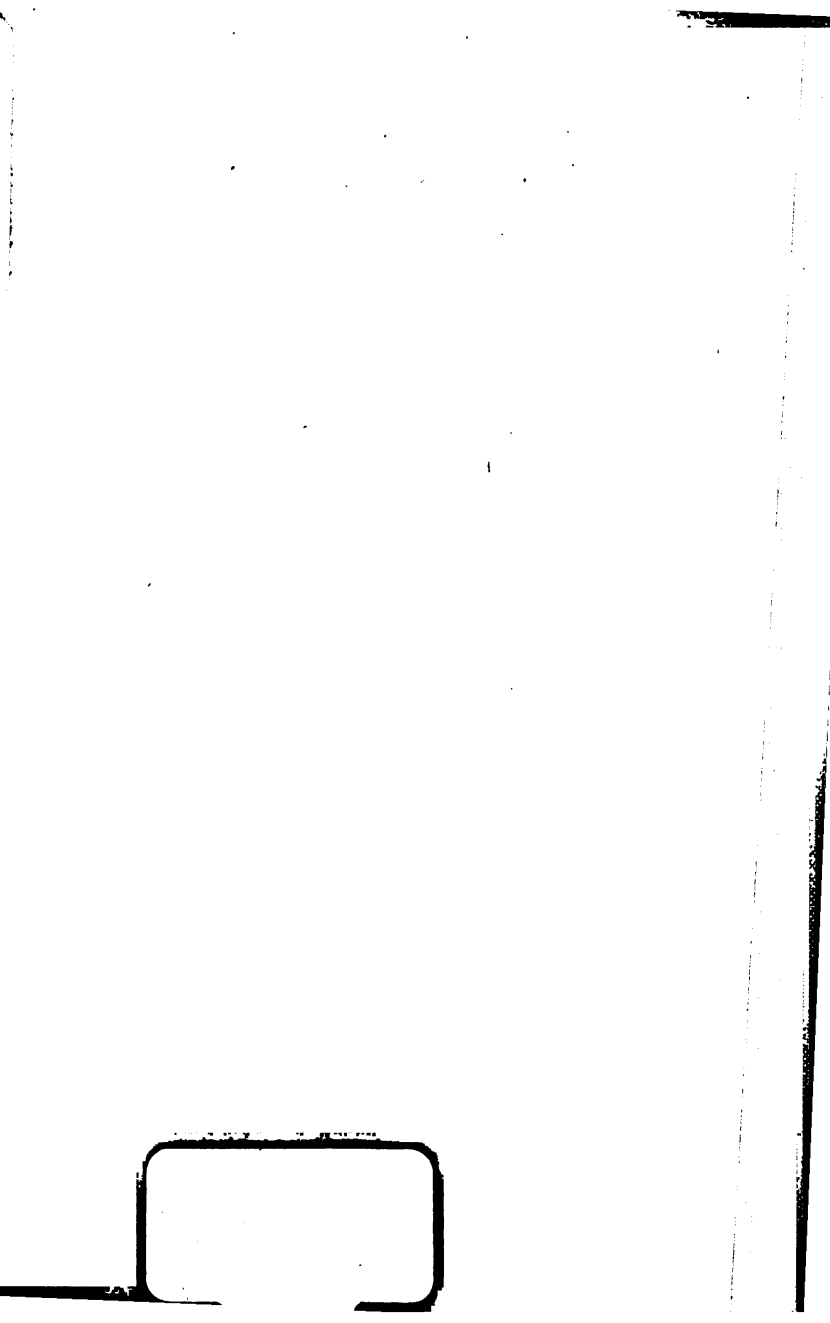

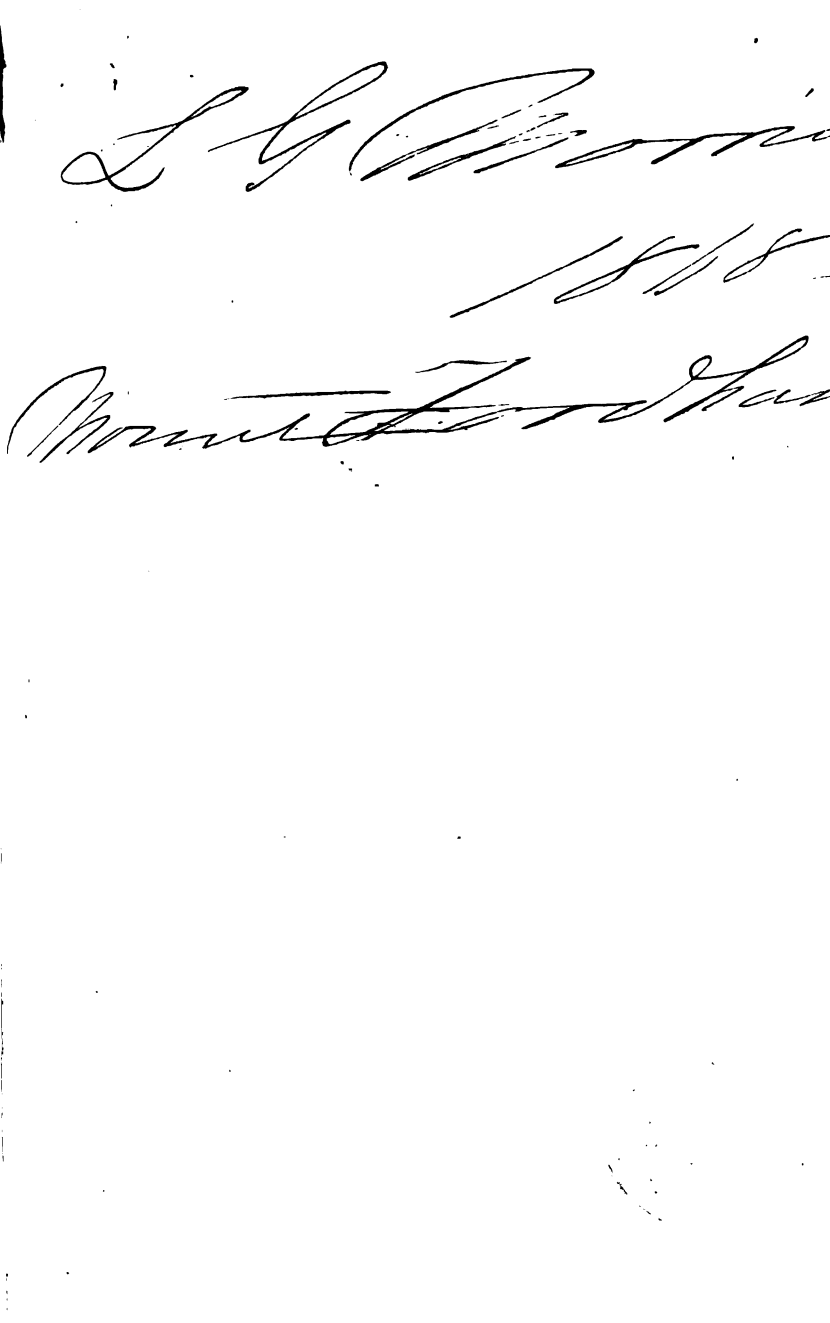

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Artemus Ward arrives in London—Introduces himself to Mr. Punch—*Frontispiece.*

ARTEMUS WARD

IN LONDON,

—

AND OTHER PAPERS.

WITH COMIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. HOWARD.

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PART I.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

———o———

I.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—You prob'ly didn't meet my uncle Wilyim when he was on these shores. I jedge so from the fack that his pursoots wasn't litrary. Commerce, which it has been trooly observed by a statesman, or somebody, is the foundation stone onto which a nation's greatness rests, glorious Commerce was Uncle Wilyim's fort. He sold soap. It smelt pretty, and redily commanded two pents a cake. I'm the only litrary man in our fam'ly. It is troo, I once had a dear cuzzun who wrote 22 versis onto "A Child who nearly Died of the Measles, O!" but as he injoodiciously introjuced a chorious at the

end of each stanzy, the parrents didn't like it at all. The father in particler wept afresh, assaulted my cuzzun, and said he never felt so ridicklus in his intire life. The onhappy result was that my cuzzun abandind poetry forever, and went back to shoemakin, a shattered man.

My Uncle Wilyim disposed of his soap, and returned to his nativ land with a very exolted opinyin of the British public. "It is a edycated community," said he; "they're a intellectooal peple. In one small village alone I sold 50 cakes of soap, incloodin barronial halls, where they offered me a ducal coronet, but I said no—give it to the poor." This was the way Uncle Wilyim went on. He told us, however, some stories that was rather too much to be easily swallerd. In fack, my Uncle Wilyim was not a emblem of trooth. He retired some years ago on a hansum comptency derived from the insurance-money he received on a rather shaky skooner he owned, and which turned up while lyin at a wharf one night, the cargo havin fortnitly been remooved the day afore the disastriss calamty occurd. Uncle Wil-

yim said it was one of the most sing'ler things he ever heard of; and, after collectin the insurance-money, he bust into a flood of tears, and retired to his farm in Pennsylvany. He was my uncle by marriage only. I do not say that he wasn't a honest man. I simply say that if you have a uncle, and bitter experunce tells you it is more profitable in a pecoonery pint of view to put pewter spoons instid of silver ones onto the table when that uncle dines with you in a frenly way—I simply say, there is sumthun wrong in our social sistim, which calls loudly for reform.

I 'rived on these shores at Liverpool, and proceeded at once to London. I stopt at the Washington Hotel in Liverpool, because it was named after a countryman of mine who didn't get his living by makin' mistakes, and whose mem'ry is dear to civilised peple all over the world, because he was gentle and good as well as trooly great. We read in Histry of any number of great individooals, but how few of 'em, alars! should we want to take home to supper with us! Among others, I would call

your attention to Alexander the Great, who conkerd the world, and wept because he couldn't do it sum more, and then took to gin-and-seltzer, gettin' tight every day afore dinner with the most disgustin' reg'-larity, causin' his parunts to regret they hadn't 'prenticed him in his early youth to a biskit-baker, or some other occupation of a peaceful and quiet character. I say, therefore, to the great men now livin' (you could put 'em all into Hyde Park, by the way, and still leave room for a large and respectable concourse of rioters)—be good. I say to that gifted but bald-heded Prooshun, Bismarck, be good and gentle in your hour of triump. *I* always am. I admit that our lines is different, Bismarck's and mine; but the same glo'rus principle is involved. I am a exhibiter of startlin' curiositys, wax works, snaix, etsetry, ("either of whom," as a American statesman whose name I ain't at liberty to mention for perlitical resins, as he expecks to be a candidate for a prom'nent offiss, and hence doesn't wish to excite the rage and jelisy of other showmen—"either of whom is wuth dub-

ble the price of admission"); I say I am a exhibiter of startlin curiositys, and I also have my hours of triump, but I try to be good in 'em. If you say, "Ah, yes, but also your hours of grief and misfortin;" I answer, it is troo, and you prob'ly refer to the circumstans of my hirin' a young man of dissypated habits to fix hisself up as a A real Cannibal from New Zeelan, and when I was simply tellin the audience that he was the most feroshus Cannibal of his tribe, and that, alone and unassisted, he had et sev'ril of our fellow-countrymen, and that he had at one time even contemplated eatin his Uncle Thomas on his mother's side, as well as other near and dear relatives,—when I was makin' these simple statements, the mis'ble young man said I was a lyer, and knockt me off the platform. Not quite satisfied with this, he cum and trod hevily on me, and as he was a very musculer person and wore remarkable thick boots, I knew at once that a canary bird wasn't walkin' over me.

I admit that my ambition ovelept herself in this instuns, and I've been very careful

ever since to deal square with the public. If I was the public I should insist on squareness, tho' I shouldn't do as a portion of my audience did on the occasion jest mentioned, which they was emplyed in sum naberin' coal mines. "As you hain't got no more Cannybals to show us, old man," said one of 'em, who seemed to be a kind of leader among 'em—a tall dis'greeble skoundril—"as you seem to be out of Cannybals, we'll sorter look round here and fix things. Them wax figgers of yours want washin'. There's Napoleon Bonyparte and Julius Cæsar—they must have a bath," with which coarse and brutal remark he imitated the shrill war-hoop of the western savige, and, assisted by his infamus coal-heavin companyins, he threw all my wax-work into the river, and let my wild bears loose to pray on a peaceful and inoffensive agricultooral community.

Leavin Liverpool (I'm goin' back there, tho—I want to see the Docks, which I heard spoken of at least once while I was there) I cum to London in a 1st class car, passin' the time very agreeable in discussin,

with a countryman of mine, the celebrated Schleswig-Holstein question. We took that int'resting question up and carefully traced it from the time it commenced being so, down to the present day, when my countryman, at the close of a four hours' annymated debate, said he didn't know anything about it himself, and he wanted to know if I did. I told him that I did not. He's at Ramsgate now, and I am to write him when I feel like givin him two days in which to discuss the question of negro slavery in America. But now I do not feel like it.

London at last, and I'm stoppin at the Greenlion tavern. I like the lan'lord very much indeed. He had fallen into a few triflin errers in regard to America—he was under the impression, for instance, that we et hay over there, and had horns growin out of the back part of our heads—but his chops and beer is ekal to any I ever pertook. You must cum and see me, and bring the boys. I'm told that Garrick used to cum here, but I'm growin skeptycal about Garrick's favorit taverns. I've had

over 500 public-houses pinted out to me where Garrick went. I was indooced one night, by a seleck comp'ny of Britons, to visit sum 25 public-houses, and they confidentially told me that Garrick used to go to each one of 'em. Also, Dr. Johnson. This won't do, you know.

May be I've rambled a bit in this communycation. I'll try and be more collected in my next, and meanwhile, b'lieve me Trooly Yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

II.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

'YOU'LL be glad to learn that I've made a good impression onto the mind of the lan'lord of the Greenlion tavern. He made a speech about me last night. Risin' in the bar he spoke as follers, there bein over 20 individooals present: "This North American has been a inmate of my 'ouse over two weeks, yit he hasn't made no attempt to scalp any member of my fam'ly. He hasn't broke no cups or sassers, or furnitur of any kind. (*Hear, hear.*) I find I can trust him with lited candles. He eats his wittles with a knive and a fork. Peple of this kind should be encurridged. I purpose 'is 'elth!" (*Loud 'plaws.*)

What could I do but modestly get up and express a fervint hope that the Atlan-

tic Cable would bind the two countries still more closely together? The lan'lord said my speech was full of orig'nality, but his idee was the old stage coach was more safer, and he tho't peple would indors that opinyin in doo time.

I'm gettin' on exceedin' well in London. I see now, however, that I made a mistake in orderin' my close afore I left home. The trooth is the taler in our little villige owed me for a pig and I didn't see any other way of gettin' my pay. Ten years ago these close would no doubt have been fash'n'ble, and perhaps they would be ekally sim'lar ten years hens. But now they're diff'rently. The taler said he know'd they was all right, because he had a brother in Wales who kept him informed about London fashins reg'lar. This was a infamus falshood. But as the ballud says (which I heard a gen'l'man in a new soot of black close and white kid gloves sing t'other night), Never don't let us Despise a Man because he wears a Raggid Coat! I don't know as we do, by the way, tho' we gen'relly get out of his way pretty rapid;

prob'ly on account of the pity which tears our boosums for his onhappy condition.

This last remark is a sirkastic and witherin' thrust at them blotid peple who live in gilded saloons. I tho't I'd explain my meanin' to you. I frekently have to explain the meanin' of my remarks. I know one man—and he's a man of varid 'complishments—who often reads my articles over 20 times afore he can make anything of 'em at all. Our skoolmaster to home says this is a pecoolerarity of geneyus. My wife says it is a pecoolerarity of infernal nonsens. She's a exceedin practycal woman. I luv her muchly, however, and humer her little ways. It's a recklis falshood that she hepecks me, and the young man in our neighborhood who said to me one evenin', as I was mistenin' my diafram with a gentle cocktail at the villige tavun —who said to me in these very langwidge. "Go home, old man, onless you desires to have another teapot throwd at you by B. J.," probly regrets havin said so. I said, "Betsy Jane is my wife's front name, gentle yooth, and I permits no person to alood

to her as B. J. outside of the family circle, of which I am it principally myself. Your other observations I scorn and disgust, and I must pollish you off." He was a able-bodied young man, and, remoovin his coat, he inquired if I wanted to be ground to powder? I said, Yes: if there was a Powder-grindist handy, nothin would 'ford me greater pleasure, when he struck me a painful blow into my right eye, causin' me to make a rapid retreat into the fire-place. I hadn't no idee that the enemy was so well organised. But I rallied and went for him, in a raythe vigris style for my time of life. His parunts lived near by, and I will simply state 15 minits had only elapst after the first act, when he was carried home on a shutter. His mama met the sollum procession at the door, and after keerfully looking her orfspring over, she said, "My son, I see how it is distinctually. You've been foolin' round a Trashin Masheen. You went in at the place where they put the grain in, cum out with the straw, and you got up into the thingamyjig, and let the horses tred on you, didn't you,

my son?" The pen of no livin Orthur could describe that disfortnit young man's sittywation more clearer. But I was sorry for him, and I went and nussed him till he got well. His reg'lar original father being absent to the war, I told him I'd be a father to him myself. He smilt a sickly smile, and said I'd already been wuss than two fathers to him.

I will here obsarve that fitin orter be allus avided, excep in extreem cases. My principle is, if a man smites me on the right check I'll turn my left to him, prob'ly; but if he insinooates that my gran'mother wasn't all right, I'll punch his hed. But fitin is mis'ble bisniss, gen'rally speakin, and whenever any enterprisin countryman of mine cums over here to scoop up a Briton in the prize ring I'm allus excessively tickled when he gets scooped hisself, which it is a sad fack has thus far been the case—my only sorrer bein' that t'other feller wasn't scooped likewise. It's diff'rently with scullin boats, which is a manly sport, and I can only explain Mr. Hamil's resunt defeat in this country on the grounds that he wasn't used

to British water. I hope this explanation will be entirely satisfact'ry to all.

As I remarked afore, I'm gettin' on well. I'm aware that I'm in the great metrop'lis of the world, and it doesn't make me onhappy to admit the fack. A man is a ass who dispoots it. That's all that ails *him.* I know there is sum peple who cum over here and snap and snarl 'bout this and that: I know one man who says it is a shame and a disgraice that St. Paul's Church isn't a older edifiss; he says it should be years and even ages older than it is; but I decline to hold myself responsible for the conduck of this idyit simply because he's my countryman. I spose every civ'lised land is endowed with its full share of gibberin' idyits, and it can't be helpt—leastways I can't think of any effectooal plan of helpin' it.

I'm a little sorry you've got politics over here, but I shall not diskuss 'em with nobody. Tear me to peaces with wild omnibus hosses, and I won't diskuss 'em. I've had quite enuff of 'em at home, thank you. I was at Birmingham t'other night, and went to the great meetin' for a few minits. I

"Has my clothin' a Welchy appearance?"—*See page* 25.

had'nt been in the hall long when a stern lookin' artisan said to me,

"You ar from Wales?"

No, I told him I didn't think I was. A hidgyis tho't flasht over me. It was of that onprincipled taler, and I said, "Has my clothin' a Welchy appearance?"

"Not by no means," he answered, and then he said, "And what is your opinyin of the present crisis?"

I said, "I don't zackly know. Have you got it very bad?"

He replied, "Sir, it is sweepin' over England like the Cymoon of the Desert!"

"Wall," I said, "let it sweep!"

He ceased me by the arm and said, "Let us glance at hist'ry. It is now some two thousand years —"

"Is it, indeed?" I replied.

"Listin!" he fiercely cried; "it is only a little over two thousand years since—"

"Oh, bother!" I remarkt, "let us go out and git some beer."

"No, Sir. I want no gross and sensual beer. I'll not move from this spot till I can vote. Who ar you?"

I handed him my card, which, in addition

to my name, contains a elabrit description of my show. "Now, Sir," I proudly said "you know me?"

"I sollumly swear," he sternly replied, "that I never heard of you, or your show, in my life!"

"And this man," I cried bitterly, "calls hisself a intelligent man, and thinks he orter be allowed to vote! What a holler mockery!"

I've no objection to ev'ry intelligent man votin' if he wants to. It's a pleasant amoosement, no doubt; but there is those whose igrance is so dense and loathsum that they shouldn't be trustid with a ballit any more'n one of my trained serpunts should be trusted with a child to play with.

I went to the station with a view of returnin' to town on the cars. "This way, Sir," said the guard; "here you ar," and he pinted to a first-class carrige, the sole ockepant of which was a rayther prepossessin' female of about 30 summers.

"No, I thank you," I ernestly replied, "I prefer to walk."

I am, dear Sir,

Very respectivly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

III.

THE GREENLION AND OLIVER CROMWELL.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—It is now two weeks since a raythe strange lookin man engaged 'partments at the Greenlion. He stated he was from the celebrated United States, but beyond this he said nothin. He seem'd to prefer sollytood. He remained mostly in his room, and whenever he did show hisself he walkt in a moody and morose manner in the garding, with his hed bowed down and his arms foldid across his brest. He reminded me sumwhat of the celebrated but onhappy *Mr. Haller*, in the cheerful play of *The Stranger*. This man puzzled me. I'd been puzzled afore several times, but never so severally as now. Mine Ost of the Greenlion said I must interrigate this

strange bein, who claimed to be my coun tryman. "He hasn't called for a drop of beer since he 's been in this ere Ouse," said the landlord. "I look to you," he added, "to clear up this dark, this orful mistry!"

I wringed the lan'lord's honest hand, and told him to consider the mistry cleared up.

I gained axes to the misterus bein's room, and by talkin sweet to him for a few minits, I found out who he was. Then returnin to the lan'lord, wo was nervisly pacin up and down the bar, I said,

"Sweet ROLANDO, don't tremble no more! I've torn the marsk from the hawty stranger's face, and dived into the recesses of his inmost sole! He's a Trans-Mejim!"

I'd been to the Beefanham theatre the previs evenin, and probly the drammer I saw affected me, because I'm not in the habit of goin on as per above. I like the Beefanham theatre very much indeed, because there a enthoosiastic lover of the theatre like myself can unite the legitermit drammer with fish. Thus, while your enrapterd soul drinks in the lorfty and noble sentences of the gifted artists, you can eat

a biled mack'ril jest as comfor'bly as in your own house. I felt constrained, however, to tell a fond mother who sot immegitly behind me, and who was accompanied by a gin bottle and a young infant—I felt constraned to tell that mother, when her infant playfully mingled a rayther oily mack'ril with the little hair which is left on my vener'ble hed, that I had a bottle of scented hair oil at home, which on the whole I tho't I preferred to that which her orfspring was greasin me with. This riled the excellent female, and she said, "Git out! You never was a infank yourself, I spose! Oh no! You was too good to be a infank you was! You slid into the world all ready grow'd, didn't you? Git out!" "No, Madam," I replied, "I too was once a infant! I was a luvly child. Peple used to come in large and enthoosiastic crowds from all parts of the country to see me, I was such a sweet and intel'gent infant. The excitement was so intens, in fack, that a extra hotel was startid in the town to accomodate the peple who thronged to my cradle." Havin finished these troothful statemints, I smilt

sweetly on the worthy female. She said, "Drat you, what do you come a-chaffin me for?" and the estymible woman was really gettin furis, when I mollyfied her by praisin her child, and by axin pardin for all I'd said, "This little gal," I observed, "this surprisingly luvly gal—" when the mother said, It's t'other sect is he, Sir: it's a boy." "Wall," I said, "then this little boy, whose eye is like a eagle a-soaring proudly in the azure sky, will some day be a man, if he don't choke hisself to death in childhood's sunny hours with a smelt or a bloater, or some other drefful calamity. How sur-blime the tho't, my dear Madam, that this infant as you fondle on your knee on this night, may grow up into a free and independent citizen, whose vote will be worth from ten to fifteen pounds, accordin as suffrages may range at that joyus perid!"

Let us now return, jentle reader, to the lan'lord of the Greenlion, who we left in the bar in a state of anxiety and perspire. Rubbin his hot face with a red hankercher, he said, "Is the strange bein a American?"

"He is."

"A Gen'ral?"

"No."

"A Colonial?"

"No."

"A Majer?"

"Not a Majer."

"A Capting?"

"He is not."

"A leftenant?"

"Not even that."

"Then," said the lan'lord of the Greenlion, "you ar deceeved! He is no countryman of yours."

"Why not?" I said.

"I will tell you, Sir," said the lan'lord. "My son-in-law is employed in a bankin house where ev'ry American as comes to these shores goes to git his drafts casht, and he says that not one has arrived on these shores durin the last 18 months as wasn't a Gen'ral, a Colonial, a Majer, a Capting, or a leftenant! This man, as I said afore, has deceeved you! He's a impostuer!"

I reeled into a chair. For a minit I was speechlis. At length I murmerd, "Alars! I fear it is too troo! Even I was a Capting of the Home Gards."

"To be sure," said the lan'lord; "you all do it, over there."

"Wall," I said, "whatever nation this person belongs to, "we may as well go and hear him lectur this evenin. He is one of these spirit fellers—he is a Trans-Mejim, and when he slings himself into a trans-state, he says the sperrits of departed great men talk through him. He says that to-night sev'ril em'nent persons will speak through him—among others, Cromwell."

"And this Mr. Cromwell—is he dead?" said the lan'lord.

I told him that Oliver was no more.

"It's a umbug," said the lan'lord; to which I replied that we'd best go and see, and we went. We was late, on account of the lan'lord's extensiv acquaintans with the public house keepers along the road, and the hall was some two miles distant, but we got there at last. The hall was about half full, and the Mejim was just then assumin' to be Benjamin Franklin, who was speakin about the Atlantic Cable.

He said the Cable was really a merry-torious affair, and that messiges could be sent to America, and there was no doubt

about their gettin there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful idear, and much quicker than by steamer or canal-boat. It struck me that if this was Franklin a spiritooal life hadn't improved the old gentleman's intellecks particly.

The audiens was mostly composed of raythe pale peple, whose eyes I tho't rolled round in a somewhat wild manner. But they was well-behaved, and the females kept saying, "How beautiful! What a surblime thing it is," et cetry, et cetry. Among the females was one who was a fair and rosy young woman. She sot on the same seat we did, and the lan'lord of the Greenlion, whose frekent intervoos with other lan'lords that evenin had been too much for him, fastened his left eye on the fair and rosy young person, and smilin lovinly upon her, said, "You may give me, my dear, four-penny-worth of gin—cold gin. I take it cold, because——"

There was cries of "Silence! Shame! Put him out! the Skoffer!"

"Ain't we at the Spotted Boar?" the lan'lord hoarsely whispered.

"No," I answered, "It's another kind of bore. Lis'en. Cromwell is goin' to speak through our inspired fren', now."

"Is he?" said the lan'lord—"is he? Wall, I've suthin to say, also. Was this Cromwell a licensed vittler?"

"Not that I ever heard," I anserd.

"I'm sorry for that," said the lan'lord with a sigh; "but you think he was a man who would wish to see licensed vittlers respected in their rights?"

"No doubt."

"Wall," said the lan'lord, "jest you keep a eye on me." Then risin to his feet he said, in a somewhat husky yet tol'bly distink voice, "Mr. Crumbwell!"

"Cromwell!" I cried.

"Yes, Mr. Cromwell: that's the man I mean, Mr. Cromble! won't you please advise that gen'l'man who you're talkin through; won't you advise 'im during your elekant speech to settle his bill at my 'ouse to-night, Mr. Crumbles," said the lan'lord, glarin' savigely round on the peple, "because if he don't, there'll be a punched 'ed to be seen at the Greenlion, where I don't

want no more of this everlastin nonsens. *I'll* talk through 'im! Here's a sperrit," said the lan'lord, a smile once more beamin on his face, "which will talk through him like a Dutch father! I'm the sperrit for you, young feller!" "You're a helthy old sperret," I remarkt; and then I saw the necessity of gettin him out of the hall. The wimin was yellin and screamin, and the men was hollerin' perlice. A perliceman really came and collerd my fat fren. "It's only a fit, Sir Richard," I said. I always call the perlice Rir Richard. It pleases them to think I'm the victim of a deloosion; and they always treat me perlitely. This one did, certainly, for he let us go. We saw no more of the Trans-Mejim.

It's diffikilt, of course, to say how long these noosances will be allowed to prowl round. I should say, however, if pressed for a answer, that they will prob'ly continner on jest about as long as they can find peple to lis'en to 'em. Am I right?

Yours, faithfull,

ARTEMUS WARD.

IV.

AT THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—I've been lingerin by the Tomb of the lamentid Shakspeare.

It is a success.

I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as such.

You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of litteratoor, you may publicate it.

I told my wife Betsy when I left home that I should go to the birthplace of the orthur of *Otheller* and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know he was the greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses

to our daughter, about the Roses as growses, and the Breezes as blowses — but a Boss Poit—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

She was packing my things at the time, and the only answer she made was to ask me if I was goin to carry both of my red flannel night caps.

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the Birthplace of Shakspeare. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The peple of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birthplace, &c., make it prof'tible cherisin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom.

As I stood gazing on the spot where Shakspeare is s'posed to have fell down on the ice and hurt hisself when a boy, (this spot cannot be bought — the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford) I wondered if three hundred years hence picturs of *my* birthplace will be in demand? Will the peple of my native town be proud of me in three hundred

years? I guess they won't short of that time because they say the fat man weighing 1000 pounds which I exhibited there was stuffed out with pillers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July, "Oh bother, I can't stand this," and commenced pullin the pillers out from under his weskit, and heavin 'em at the audience. I never saw a man lose flesh so fast in my life. The audience said I was a pretty man to come chiselin my own townsmen in that way. I said, "Do not be angry, feller-citizens. I exhibited him simply as a work of art. I simply wished to show you that a man could grow fat without the aid of cod-liver oil." But they wouldn't listen to me. They are a low and grovelin set of peple, who excite a feelin of loathin in every brest where lorfty emotions and original idees have a bidin place.

I stopped at Leamington a few minits on my way to Stratford onto the Avon, and a very beautiful town it is. I went into a shoe shop to make a purchis, and as I entered I saw over the door those dear familiar words, "By Appintment: H. R. H.;" and

I said to the man, "Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London four hundred boot and shoe shops by Appintment: H. R. H.; and now *you're* at it. It is simply onpossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots. Don't tell me," I said, in a voice choked with emotion—"Oh, do not tell me that you also make boots for him. Say slippers—say that you mend a boot now and then for him; but do not tell me that you make 'em reg'lar for him."

The man smilt, and said I didn't understand these things. He said I perhaps had not noticed in London that dealers in all sorts of articles was By Appintment. I said, "Oh, *hadn't* I? Then a sudden thought flasht over me. "I have it!" I said. "When the Prince walks through a street, he no doubt looks at the shop windows."

The man said, "No doubt."

"And the enterprisin tradesman," I contInnerd, "the moment the Prince gets out of sight, rushes frantically and has a tin sign painted, By Appintment, H. R. H.! It is a beautiful, a great idee!"

I then bought a pair of shoe strings, and wringin the shopman's honest hand, I started for the Tomb of Shakspeare in a hired fly. It look't however more like a spider.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old church-yard at Stratford, beside a Tombstone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakspeare. Alars! and this is the spot where—"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man—a worthy villager: Shakspeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced moving backwards towards the street.

I pursood and captered him, and after talking to him a spell in a skarcastic stile, I let him went.

The old church was damp and chill. It was rainin. The only persons there when I entered was a fine bluff old gentleman who was talking in a excited manner to a fashnibly dressed young man. "No, Ernest

Montresser," the old gentleman said, "it is idle to pursoo this subjeck no further. You can never marry my daughter. You were seen last Monday in Piccadilly without a umbreller! I said then, as I say now, any young man as venturs out in a uncertain climit like this without a umbreller, lacks foresight, caution, strength of mind and stability; and he is not a proper person to intrust a daughter's happiness to."

I slapt the old gentleman on the shoulder, and I said, "You're right! You're one of those kind of men, you are——"

He wheeled suddenly round, and in a indignant voice, said, "Go way—go way! This is a privit intervoo."

I didn't stop to enrich the old gentleman's mind with my conversation. I sort of inferred that he wasn't inclined to listen to me, and so I went on. But he was right about the umbreller. I'm really delighted with this grand old country, *Mr. Punch*, but you must admit that it does rain raythe numerously here. Whether this is owing to a monerkal form of gov'ment or not, I leave all candid and onprejudiced persons to say.

William Shakspeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentaters, Shaksperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist *much*. And there is no doubt if these commentaters and persons continner investigatin Shakspeare's career, we shall not, in doo time, know anything about it at all. When a mere lad little William attended the Grammer School, because, as he said, the Grammer School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark, comin from one so young and inexperunced, set peple to thinkin there might be somethin in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell*. When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, Sir," he said, "in a glorus career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall all be gratified! That's so."

My young readers, who wish to know about Shakspeare, better get these vallyable remarks framed.

I returned to the hotel. Meetin a young married couple, they asked me if I could direct them to the hotel which Washington Irving used to keep?

"I've understood that he was onsuccessful as a lan'lord," said the lady.

"We've understood," said the young man, "that he busted up."

I told 'em I was a stranger, and hurried away. They were from my country, and ondoubtedly represented a thrifty Ile well somewhere in Pennsylvany. It's a common thing, by the way, for a old farmer in Pennsylvany to wake up some mornin and find ile squirtin all around his back yard. He sells out for 'normous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and start on a tower to astonish peple. They succeed in doin it. Meantime the Ile itsquirts and squirts, and Time rolls on. Let it roll.

A very nice old town is Stratford, and a capital inn is the Red Horse. Every ad-

mirer of the great S. must go there once certinly; and to say one isn't a admirer of him, is equv'lent to sayin one has jest about brains enough to become a efficient tinker.

Some kind person has sent me Chawcer's *poems*. Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a lit'rary man onless he knows how to spel. It is a pity that Chawcer, who had geneyus, was so unedicated. He's the wuss speller I know of.

I guess I'm through, and so I lay down the pen, which is more mightier than the sword, but which I'm fraid would stand a rayther slim chance beside the needle gun.

Adoo! adoo!

ARTEMUS WARD.

V.

IS INTRODUCED AT THE CLUB.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—It is seldim that the Commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States is mar'd by Games.

It is Commerce, after all, which will keep the two countries friendly to'ards each other rather than statesmen.

I look at your last Parliament, and I can't see that a single speech was encored during the entire session.

Look at Congress—but no, I'd rather not look at Congress.

Entertainin this great regard for Commerce "whose sales whiten every sea," as everybody happily observes every chance he gets, I learn with disgust and surprise that a British subjeck bo't a Barril of Apple

Sass in America recently, and when he arrove home he found under a few deloosiv layers of sass nothin but saw-dust. I should have instantly gone into the City and called a meetin of the leadin commercial men to condem and repudiate, as a American, this gross frawd, if I hadn't learned at the same time that the draft given by the British subjeck in payment for this frawdylent sass was drawd onto a Bankin House in London which doesn't have a existence, but far otherwise, and never did.

There is those who larf at these things, but to me they merit rebooks and frowns.

With the exception of my Uncle Wilyim —who, as I've before stated, is a uncle by marrige only, who is a low cuss and filled his coat pockets with pies and biled eggs at his weddin breakfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father on discoverin it got in a rage and denounced him, Uncle Wilyim said the old man (meanin my parent) hadn't any idee of first-class Humer! —with the exception of this wretched

Uncle, the escutchin of my fam'ly has never been stained by Games. The little harmless deceptions I resort to in my perfeshion I do not call Games. They are sacrifisses to Art.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The Wards is a very clever fam'ly, indeed.

I believe we are descendid from the Puritins, who nobly fled from a land of despitism to a land of freedim, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent everybody else from enjoyin *his*.

As I said before, we are a very clever fam'ly.

I was strollin up Regent Street the other day, thinkin what a clever fam'ly I come of, and looking at the gay shop-winders. I've got some new close since you last saw me. I saw them others wouldn't do. They carrid the observer too far back into the dim vister of the past, and I gave 'em to a Orfun Asylum. The close I wear now I bo't of Mr. Moses, in the Commercial Road. They was expressly made, Mr. Moses informed me, for a nobleman, but as they fitted him too muchly, partic'ly the

trows'rs (which is blue, with large red and white checks) he had said, "My dear feller, make me some more, only mind—be sure you sell these to some genteel old feller."

I like to saunter thro' Regent Street. The shops are pretty, and it does the old man's heart good to see the troops of fine healthy girls which one may always see there at certain hours in the afternoon, who don't spile their beauty by devourin cakes and sugar things, as too many of the American and French lasses do. It's a mistake about everybody being out of town, I guess. Regent Street is full. I'm here; and, as I said before, I come of a very clever fam'ly.

As I was walkin along, amoosin myself by stickin my penkife into the calves of the footmen who stood waitin by the swell-coaches (not one of whom howled with angwish), I was accosted by a man of about thirty-five summers, who said, "I have seen that face somewheres afore!"

He was a little shabby in his wearin apparil. His coat was one of those black, shiny garments, which you can always tell

Artemus Ward as Capting of the Home Guards—*See page* 31.

have been burnished by adversity; but he was very gentlemanly.

"Was it in the Crimea, comrade? Yes, it was. It was at the stormin of Sebastopol, where I had a narrow escape from death, that we met!"

I said, "No, I wasn't at Sebastopol, I escaped a fatal wound by not bein there. It was a healthy old fortress," I added.

"It was. But it fell. It came down with a crash."

"And plucky boys they was who brought her down," I added; "and hurrah for 'em!"

The man graspt me warmly by the hand, and said he had been in America, Upper Canada, Africa, Asia Minor, and other towns, and he'd never met a man he liked as much as he did me. "Let us," he added, "let us to the shrine of Bachus!" And he dragged me into a public house. I was determined to pay, so I said, "Mr. Bachus, giv this gen'l'man what he calls for."

We conversed there in a very pleasant manner till my dinner-time arrove, when the agree'ble gentleman insisted that I

should dine with him. "We'll have a banquet, Sir, fit for the gods!"

I told him good plain vittles would soot me. If the gods wanted to have the dispepsy, they was welcome to it.

We had soop and fish, and a hot jint, and growsis, and wines of rare and costly vintige. We had ices, and we had froots from Greenland's icy mountins and Injy's coral strands; and when the sumptoous reparst was over, the agree'ble man said he'd unfortnitly left his pocket-book at home on the marble center-table. "But, by Jove!" he said, "it was a feast fit for the gods!"

I said, "Oh, never mind," and drew out my puss; tho' I in'ardly wished the gods, as the dinner was fit for 'em, was there to pay for it.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The agree'ble gentleman then said, "Now, I will show you our Club. It dates back to the time of William the Conqueror."

"Did Bill belong to it?" I inquired.

"He did."

"Wall," I said, "if Billy was one of 'em,

I need no other endorsement as to its respectfulness, and I'll go with you, my gay trooper boy!" And we went off arm-in-arm.

On the way the agree'ble man told me that the Club was called the Sloshers. He said I would notice that none of 'em appeared in evenin dress. He said it was agin the rools of the club. In fack, if any member appeared there in evenin dress he'd be instantly expeld. "And yit," he added, "there's geneyus there, and lorfty emotions, and intelleck. You'll be surprised at the quantities of intelleck you'll see there."

We reached the Sloshers in due time, and I must say they was a shaky-looking lot, and the public house where they convened was certingly none of the best.

The Sloshers crowded round me, and said I was welcome. "What a beautiful brestpin you've got," said one of 'em. "Permit me," and he took it out of my neckercher. "Isn't it luvly," he said, parsin it to another, who passed it to another. It was given me by my Aunt, on my promisin her I'd

never swear profanely; and I never have, except on very special occasions. I see that beautiful boosum pin a parsin from one Slosher to another, and I'm reminded of them sad words of the poit, "parsin away! parsin away!" I never saw it no more. Then in comes a athletic female, who no sooner sees me than she utters a wild yell, and cries:

"At larst! at larst! My Wilyim, from the seas!"

I said, "Not at all, Marm. Not on no account. I have heard the boatswain pipe to quarters—but a voice in my heart didn't whisper Seu-zan! I've belayed the marlin-spikes on the upper jibpoop, but Seu-zan's eye wasn't on me, much. Young woman, I am not you're Saler boy. Far different."

"Oh yes, you are!" she howled, seizin me round the neck. "Oh, how I've lookt forwards to this meetin!"

"And you'll presently," I said, "have a opportunity of lookin backwards to it, because I'm on the point of leavin this institution."

I will here observe that I come of a very

clever fam'ly. A very clever fam'ly, indeed.

"Where," I cried, as I struggled in vain to release myself from the eccentric female's claws, "where is the Capting—the man who was into the Crimea, amidst the cannon's thunder? I want him."

He came forward, and cried, "What do I see? Me Sister! me sweet Adulaide! and in teers! Willin!" he screamed, "and you're the serpent I took to my boosum, and borrowed money of, and went round with, and was cheerful with, are you?—You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Somehow my coat was jerked off, the brest-pocket of which contained my pocket-book, and it parsed away like the brestpin. Then they sorter quietly hustled me into the street.

It was about 12 at night when I reached the Greenlion.

"Ha! ha! you sly old rascal, you've been up to larks!" said the lan'lord, larfin loudly, and digging his fist into my ribs.

I said, "Bigsby, if you do that agin, I shall hit you! Much as I respect you and

your excellent fam'ly, I shall disfigger your beneverlent countenance for life!"

"What has ruffled your spirits, friend?" said the lan'lord.

"My spirits has been ruffled," I ansered in a bittur voice, "by a viper who was into the Crimea. What good was it," I cried, "for Sebastopol to fall down without enwelopin in its ruins that viper?"

I then went to bed. I come of a very clever fam'ly.

ARTEMUS WARD.

VI.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—I skurcely need inform you that your excellent Tower is very pop'lar with peple from the agricultooral districks, and it was chiefly them class which I found waitin at the gates the other mornin.

I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis. In the entire history of firm basisis I don't find a basis more firmer than this one.

"You have no Tower in America?" said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination.

"Alars! no," I anserd; "we boste of our enterprise and improovments, and yit we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my onhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Boon."

The gates was opened after awhile, and we all purchist tickets, and went into a waitin-room.

"My frens," said a pale-faced little man, in black close, "this is a sad day."

"Inasmuch as to how?" I said.

"I mean it is sad to think that so many peple have been killed within these gloomy walls. My frens, let us drop a tear!"

"No," I said, "you must excuse me. Others may drop one if they feel like it; but as for me, I decline. The early managers of this institootion were a bad lot, and their crimes were trooly orful; but I can't sob for those who died four or five hundred years ago. If they was my own relations I couldn't. It's absurd to shed sobs over things which occurd durin the rain of Henry the Three. Let us be cheerful," I continnerd. "Look at the festiv Warders, in their red flannil jackets. They are cheerful, and why should it not be thusly with us?"

A Warder now took us in charge, and showed us the Trater's Gate, the armers, and things. The Trater's Gate is wide

enuff to admit about twenty traters abrest, I should jedge; but beyond this, I couldn't see that it was superior to gates in gen'ral.

Traters, I will here remark, are a onfortnit class of peple. If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a country—they fail, and they're traters. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes.

Take the case of Gloster, afterwards Old Dick the Three, who may be seen at the Tower, on horseback, in a heavy tin overcoat—take Mr. Gloster's case. Mr. G. was a conspirater of the basist dye, and if he'd failed, he would have been hung on a sour apple tree. But Mr. G. succeeded, and became great. He was slewd by Col. Richmond, but he lives in histry, and his equestrian figger may be seen daily for a sixpence, in conjunction with other em'nent persons, and no extra charge for the Warder's able and bootiful lectur.

There's one king in this room who is mounted onto a foamin steed, his right hand graspin a barber's pole. I didn't learn his name.

The room where the daggers and pistils and other weppins is kept is interestin. Among this collection of choice cuttlery I notist the bow and arrer which those hot-headed old chaps used to conduct battles with. It is quite like the bow and arrer used at this day by certin tribes of American Injuns, and they shoot 'em off with such a excellent precision that I almost sigh'd to be a Injun, when I was in the Rocky Mountin regin. They are a pleasant lot them Injuns. Mr. Cooper and Dr. Catlin have told us of the red man's wonerful eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stopt on the plains of Utah by a band of Shoshones, whose chief said, "Brothers! the pale-face is welcome. Brothers! the sun is sinkin in the West, and Wa-na-bucky-she will soon cease speakin. Brothers! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becomin extink." He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whiskey, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotions.

I will remark here, while on the subjeck of Injuns, that they are in the main a very

shaky set, with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philanthropists bewailin the fack that every year "carries the noble red man nearer the settin sun," I simply have to say I'm glad of it, tho' it is rough on the settin sun. They call you by the sweet name of Brother one minit, and the next they scalp you with their Thomashawks. But I wander. Let us return to the Tower.

At one end of the room where the weppins is kept, is a wax figger of Queen Elizabeth, mounted on a fiery stuffed hoss, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocker nostril dilates hawtily, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears. I have associated Elizabeth with the Spanish Armady. She's mixed up with it at the Surry Theatre, where *Troo to the Core* is bein acted, and in which a full bally core is introjooced on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, givin the audiens the idee that he intends openin a moosic-hall in Plymouth the moment he conkers that town. But a very interesting drammer is *Troo to the Core*, notwitstandin the eccen-

tric conduck of the Spanish Admiral; and very nice it is in Queen Elizabeth to make Martin Truegold a baronet.

The Warder shows us some instrooments of tortur, such as thumbscrews, throat-collars, etc., statin that these was conkerd from the Spanish Armady, and addin what a crooil peple the Spaniards was in them days—which elissited from a bright-eyed little girl of about twelve summers the remark that she tho't it *was* rich to talk about the crooilty of the Spaniards usin thumbscrews, when we was in a Tower where so many poor peple's heads had been cut off. This made the Warder stammer and turn red.

I was so pleased with the little girl's brightness that I could have kissed the dear child, and I would if she'd been six years older.

I think my companions intended makin a day of it, for they all had sandwiches, sassiges, etc. The sad-lookin man, who had wanted us to drop a tear afore we started to go round, fling'd such quantities of sassige into his mouth, that I expected

to see him choke hisself to death, he said to me, in the Beauchamp Tower, where the poor prisoners writ their onhappy names on the cold walls "This is a sad sight."

"It is, indeed," I anserd. "You're black in the face. You shouldn't eat sassige in public without some rehearsals beforehand. You manage it orkwardly."

"No," he said, "I mean this sad room."

Indeed, he was quite right. Tho' so long ago all these drefful things happened, I was very glad to git away from this gloomy room, and go where the rich and sparklin Crown Jewils is kept. I was so pleased with the Queen's Crown, that it occurd to me what a agree'ble surprise it would be to send a sim'lar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warder what was the vally of a good, well-constructed Crown like that. He told me, but on cypherin up with a pencil the amount of funs I have in the Jint Stock Bank, I conclooded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instid.

And so I left the Tower. It is a solid and commandin edifis, but I deny that it is cheerful. I bid it adoo without a pang.

I was droven to my hotel by the most melancholly driver of a four-wheeler that I ever saw. He heaved a deep sigh as I gave him two shillings. "I'll give you six *d.*'s more," I said, "if it hurts you so."

"It isn't that," he said, with a hart-rendin groan, "it's only a way I have. My mind's upset to-day. I at one time tho't I'd drive you into the Thames. I've been readin all the daily papers to try and understand about Governor Ayre, and my mind is tot-terin. It's really wonderful I didn't drive you into the Thames."

I asked the onhappy man what his number was, so I could redily find him in case I should want him agin, and bad him good-bye. And then I tho't what a frollicksome day I'd made of it.

Respectably, &c.

ARTEMUS WARD.

VII.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—I was a little disapinted in not receivin a invitation to jine in the meetins of the Social Science Congress.

I don't exackly see how they go on without me.

I hope it wasn't the intentions of the Sciencers to exclood me from their delibrations.

Let it pars. I do not repine. Let us remember Homer. Twenty cites claim Homer dead, thro' which the livin Mr. Homer coldn't have got trusted for a sandwich and a glass of bitter beer, or words to that effeck.

But perhaps it was a oversight. Certinly I have been hosspitably rec'd in this coun-

try. Hospitality has been pored all over me. At Liverpool I was asked to walk all over the docks, which are nine miles long; and I don't remember a instance since my 'rival in London of my gettin into a cab without a Briton comin and perlitely shuttin the door for me, and then extendin his open hand to'ards me, in the most frenly manner possible. Does he not, by this simple yit tuchin gesture, welcum me to England? Doesn't he? Oh yes—I guess he doesn't he. And it's quite right among two great countries which speak the same langwidge, except as regards H's. And I've been allowed to walk round all the streets. Even at Buckinham Pallis, I told a guard I wanted to walk round there, and he said I could walk round there. I ascertained subsequent that he referd to the side-walk instid of the Pallis—but I couldn't doubt his hospital feelins.

I prepared a Essy on Animals to read before the Social Science meetins. It is a subjeck I may troothfully say I have successfully wrastled with. I tackled it when only nineteen years old. At that tender

age I writ a Essy for a lit'ry Institoot entitled, "Is Cats to be Trusted?" Of the merits of that Essy it doesn't becum me to speak, but I may be excoos'd for mentionin that the Institoot parsed a resolution that "whether we look upon the length of this Essy, or the manner in which it is written, we feel that we will not express any opinion of it, and we hope it will be read in other towns."

Of course the Essy I writ for the Social Science Society is a more finisheder production than the one on Cats, which was wroten when my mind was crood, and afore I had masterd a graceful and ellygant stile of composition. I could not even punctooate my sentences proper at that time, and I observe with pane, on lookin over this effort of my yooth, that its beauty is in one or two instances mar'd by ingrammaticisms. This was unexcusable, and I'm surprised I did it. A writer who can't write in a grammerly manner better shut up shop.

You shall hear this Essy on Animals. Some day when you have four hours to

spare, I'll read it to you. I think you'll enjoy it. Or, what will be much better, if I may suggest—omit all picturs in next week's *Punch*, and do not let your contributors write enything whatever (let them have a holiday; they can go to the British Mooseum;) and publish my Essy intire. It will fill all your collumes full, and create comment. Does this proposition strike you? Is it a go?

In case I had read the Essy to the Social Sciencers, I had intended it should be the closin attraction. I had intended it should finish the proceedins. I think it would have finished them. I understand animals better than any other class of human creatures. I have a very animal mind, and I've been identified with 'em doorin my entire perfessional career as a showman, more especial bears, wolves, leopards and serpunts.

The leopard is as lively a animal as I ever came into contack with. It is troo he cannot change his spots, but you can change 'em for him with a paint-brush, as I once did in the case of a leopard who

wasn't nat'rally spotted in a attractive manner. In exhibitin him I used to stir him up in his cage with a protracted pole, and for the purpuss of makin him yell and kick up in a leopardy manner, I used to casionally whack him over the head. This would make the children inside the booth scream with fright, which would make fathers of families outside the booth very anxious to come in—because there is a large class of parents who have a uncontrollable passion for takin their children to places were they will stand a chance of being frightened to death.

One day I whacked this leopard more than ushil, which elissited a remonstrance from a tall gentleman in spectacles, who said, "My good man, do not beat the poor caged animal. Rather fondle him."

"I'll fondle him with a club," I anserd, hitting him another whack.

"I prithy desist," said the gentleman; "stand aside, and see the effeck of kindness. I understand the idiosyncracies of these creeturs better than you do." With that he went up to the cage, and thrustin

his face in between the iron bars, he said, soothinly, "Come hither, pretty creetur." The pretty creetur come-hithered rayther speedy, and seized the gentleman by the whiskers, which he tore off about enuff to stuff a small cushion with.

He said, "You vagabone, I'll have you indicted for exhibitin dangerous and immoral animals."

I replied, "Gentle Sir, there isn't a animal here that hasn't a beautiful moral, but you mustn't fondle 'em. You mustn't meddle with their idiotsyncracies."

The gentleman was a dramatic cricket, and he wrote a article for a paper, in which he said my entertainment was a decided failure.

As regards Bears, you can teach 'em to do interestin things, but they're onreliable. I had a very large grizzly bear once, who would dance, and larf, and lay down, and bow his head in grief, and give a mournful wale, etsetry. But he often annoyed me. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first battle of Bull Run, it suddenly occurd to the Fed'ral soldiers that they had

business in Washington which ought not to be neglected, and they all started for that beautiful and romantic city, maintainin a rate of speed durin the entire distance that would have done credit to the celebrated French steed *Gladiateur*. Very nat'rally our Gov'ment was deeply grieved at this defeat; and I said to my Bear, shortly after, as I was givin a exhibition in Ohio—I said, "Brewin, are you not sorry the National arms has sustained a defeat?" His business was to wale dismal, and bow his head down, the band (a barrel orgin and a wiolin) playing slow and melancholly moosic. What did the grizzly old cuss do, however, but commence darncin and larfin in the most joyous manner. I had a narner escape from being imprisoned for disloyalty. I will relate another incident in the career of this retchid Bear. I used to present what I called in the bills a Beautiful living Pictur—showing the Bear's fondness for his Master: in which I'd lay down on a piece of carpeting, and the Bear would come and lay down beside me, restin his right paw on my breast, the Band playing

"*Home, Sweet Home*," very soft and slow. Altho' I say it, it was a tuchin thing to see. I've seen Tax-Collectors weep over that performance.

Well, one day I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we will now show you the Bear's fondness for his master," and I went and laid down. I tho't I observed a pecooliar expression into his eyes, as he rolled clumsily to'ards me, but I didn't dream of the scene which follerd. He laid down, and put his paw on my breast. "Affection of the bear for his Master," I repeated. "You see the Monarch of the Western Wilds in a subjugated state. Fierce as these animals natrally are, we now see that they have hearts, and can love. This Bear, the largest in the world, and measurin seventeen feet round the body, loves me as a mer-ther loves her che-ild!" But what was my horror when the grizzly and infamus Bear threw his other paw *under* me, and riz with me to his feet. Then claspin me in a close embrace he waltzed up and down the platform in a frightful manner, I yellin with fear and anguish. To make

matters wuss, a low scurrilus young man in the audiens hollered out, "Playfulness of the Bear! Quick moosic!" I jest 'scaped with my life. The Bear met with a wiolent death the next day, by bein in the way when a hevily loaded gun was fired off by one of my men.

But you should hear my Essy which I wrote for the Social Science Meetins. It would have had a movin effeck on them.

I feel that I must now conclood.

I have read Earl Bright's speech at Leeds, and I hope we shall now hear from John Derby. I trust that not only they, but Wm. E. Stanley and Lord Gladstone will cling inflexibly to those great fundamental principles, which they understand far better than I do, and I will add that I do not understand anything about any of them whatever in the least—and let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrer money to do it with.

Very respectively yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

VIII.

A VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—You didn't get a instructiv article from my pen last week on account of my nervus sistim havin underwent a dreffle shock. I got caught in a brief shine of sun, and it utterly upsot me. I was walkin in Regent Street one day last week, enjoyin your rich black fog and bracing rains, when all at once the Sun bust out and actooally shone for nearly half an hour steady. I acted promptly. I called a cab and told the driver to run his hoss at a friteful rate of speed to my lodgins, but it wasn't of no avale. I had orful cramps, my appytite left me, and my pults went down to 10 degrees below zero. But by careful nussin I shall no doubt recover speedy, if the present sparklin and exileratin weather continners.

Artemus Ward visits the Tomb of Shakspeare and makes a slight mistake—*See page* 40.

[All of the foregoin is sarcasum.]

It's a sing'lar fack, but I never sot eyes on your excellent British Mooseum till the other day. I've sent a great many peple there, as also to your genial Tower of London, however. It happened thusly: When one of my excellent countrymen jest arrived in London would come and see me and display a inclination to cling to me too lengthy, thus showin a respect for me which I feel I do not deserve, I would sug-jest a visit to the Mooseum and Tower. The Mooseum would ockepy him a day at leest, and the Tower another. Thus I've derived considerable peace and comfort from them noble edifisses, and I hope they will long continner to grace your metroplis. There's my fren Col. Larkins, from Wisconsin, who I regret to say understands the Jamaica question, and wants to talk with me about it; I sent him to the Tower four days ago, and he hasn't got throogh with it yit. He likes it very much, and he writes me that he can't never thank me sufficient for directin him to so interestin a bildin. I writ him not to mention it. The

Col. says it is fortnit we live in a intellectooal age which wouldn't countenance such infamus things as occurd in this Tower. I'm aware that it is fashin'ble to compliment this age, but I ain't so clear that the Col. is altogether right. This is a very respectable age, but it's pretty easily riled; and considerin upon how slight a provycation we who live in it go to cuttin each other's throats, it may perhaps be doubted whether our intellecks is so much massiver than our ancestors' intellecks was, after all.

I allus ride outside with the cabman. I am of humble parentage, but I have (if you will permit me to say so) the spirit of the eagle, which chafes when shut up in a four-wheeler, and I feel much eagler when I'm in the open air. So on the mornin on which I went to the Mooseum I lit a pipe, and callin a cab, I told the driver to take me there as quick as his Arabian charger could go. The driver was under the inflooence of beer, and narrerly escaped runnin over a aged female in the match trade, whereupon I remonstratid with him. I said, "That poor old woman may be the only

mother of a young man like you." Then throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said, "You have a mother?"

He said, "You lie!" I got down and called anothor cab, but said nothin to this driver about his parents.

The British Mooseum is a magnif'cent free show for the people. It is kept open for the benefit of all.

The humble costymonger, who traverses the busy streets with a cart containin all kinds of vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, etc., and drawn by a spirited jackass—he can go to the Mooseum and reap benefits therefrom as well as the lord of high degree.

"And this," I said, "is the British Mooseum!" These noble walls, "I continnerd, punching them with my umbreller to see if the masonry was all right—but I wasn't allowd to finish my enthoosiastic remarks, for a man with a gold band on his hat said, in a hash voice, that I must stop pokin the walls. I told him I would do so by all means. "You see," I said, taking hold of the tassel which waved from the man's belt,

and drawin him close to me in a confidential way, "You see, I'm lookin round this Mooseum, and if I like it I shall buy it."

Instid of larfin hartily at these remarks, which was made in a goakin spirit, the man frowned darkly and walked away.

I first visited the stuffed animals, of which the gorillers interested me most. These simple-minded monsters live in Afriky, and are believed to be human beins to a slight extent, altho' they are not allowed to vote. In this deparment is one or two superior giraffes. I never woulded I were a bird, but I've sometimes wished I was a giraffe, on account of the long distance from his mouth to his stummuck. Hence, if he loved beer, one mugful would give him as much enjoyment while goin down as forty mugfuls would ordinary persons. And he wouldn't get intoxicated, which is a beastly way of amusin oneself, I must say. I like a little beer now and then, and when the teetotallers inform us, as they frekently do, that it is vile stuff, and that even the swine shrink from it, I say it only shows that the swine is a ass who

don't know what's good; but to pour gin and brandy down one's throat as freely as though it were fresh milk, is the most idiotic way of goin' to the devil that I know of.

"I enjoyed myself very much lookin at the Egyptian mummys, the Greek vasis, etc., but it occurd to me there was rayther too many "Roman antiquitys of a uncertin date." Now, I like the British Mooseum, as I said afore, but when I see a lot of erthen jugs and pots stuck up on shelves, and all "of a uncertin date," I'm at a loss to 'zackly determin whether they are a thousand years old or was bought recent. I can cry like a child over a jug one thousand years of age, especially if it is a Roman jug; but a jug of a uncertin date doesn't overwhelm me with emotions. Jugs and pots of a uncertin age is doubtless vallyable property, but, like the debentures of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, a man doesn't want too many of them.

I was debarred out of the great readin-room. A man told me I must apply by letter for admission, and that I must get

somebody to testify that I was respectable. I'm a little 'fraid I shan't get in there. Seein a elderly gentleman, with a beneverlent-lookin face near by, I venturd to ask him if he would certify that I was respectable. He said he certainly would not, but he would put me in charge of a policeman, if that would do me any good. A thought struck me. "I refer you to *Mr. Punch*," I said.

"Well," said a man, who had listened to my application, "you *have* done it now! You stood some chance before." I will get this infamus wretch's name before you go to press, so you can denounce him in the present number of your excellent journal.

The statute of Apollo is a pretty slick statute. A young yeoman seemed deeply imprest with it. He viewd it with silent admiration. At home, in the beautiful rural districks where the daisy sweetly blooms, he would be swearin in a horrible manner at his bullocks, and whacking 'em over the head with a hayfork; but here, in the presence of Art, he is a changed bein.

I told the attendant that if the British

nation would stand the expens of a marble bust of myself, I would willingly sit to some talented sculpist. "I feel," I said, "that this is a dooty I owe to posterity." He said it was hily prob'l, but he was inclined to think that the British nation wouldn't care to enrich the Mooseum with a bust of me, altho' he venturd to think that if I paid for one myself it would be accepted cheerfully by Madam Tussaud, who would give it a prom'nent position in her Chamber of Horrers. The young man was very polite, and I thankt him kindly.

After visitin the Refreshment room and partakin of half a chicken "of a uncertin age," like the Roman antiquitys I have previsly spoken of, I prepared to leave. As I passed through the animal room I observed with pane that a benevolint person was urgin the stufft elephant to accept a cold muffin, but I did not feel called on to remonstrate with him, any more than I did with two young persons of diff'rent sexes who had retired behind the Rynosserhoss to squeeze each other's hands. In fack, I raythe approved of the latter pro-

ceedin, for it carrid me back to the sunny spring-time of *my* life. I'm in the shear and yeller leaf now, but I don't forgit the time when to squeeze my Betsy's hand sent a thrill through me like follin off the roof of a two-story house; and I never squozed that gentle hand without wantin to do so some more, and feelin that it did me good.

Trooly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

IX.

PYROTECHNY.

I.—THE PEACEFUL HAMLET.

NESTLING among the grandhills of New Hampshire, in the United States of America, is a village called Waterbury.

Perhaps you were never there.

I do not censure you if you never were.

One can get on very well without going to Waterbury.

Indeed, there are millions of meritorious persons who were never there, and yet they are happy.

In this peaceful hamlet lived a young man named Pettingill.

Reuben Pettingill.

He was an agriculturist.

A broad-shouldered, deep-chested agriculturist.

He was contented to live in this peaceful hamlet.

He said it was better than a noisy Othello.

Thus do these simple children of nature joke in a first class manner.

II.—MYSELF.

I write this romance in the French style.

Yes: something that way.

The French style consists of making just as many paragraphs as possible.

Thus one may fill up a collumn in a very short time.

I am paid by the collumn, and the quicker I can fill up a collumn—but this is a matter to which we will not refer.

We will let this matter pass.

III.—PETTINGILL.

Reuben Pettingill was extremely industrious.

He worked hard all the year round on his father's little farm.

Right he was!

Industry is a very fine thing.

It is one of the finest things of which we have any knowledge.

Yet no not frown, "do not weep for me," when I state that I don't like it.

It doesn't agree with me.

I prefer indolence.

I am happiest when I am idle.

I could live for months without performing any kind of labour, and at the expiration of that time I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months.

This should not surprise you.

Nothing that a modern novellist does should excite astonishment in any well-regulated mind.

IV.—INDEPENDENCE DAY.

The 4th of July is always celebrated in America with guns, and processions, and banners, and all those things.

You know why we celebrate this day.

The American Revolution, in 1775, was perhaps one of the finest revolutions that was ever seen. But I have not time to

give you a full history of the American Revolution. It would consume years to do it, and I might weary you.

One 4th of July, Reuben Pettingill went to Boston.

He saw great sights.

He saw the dense throng of people, the gay volunteers, the banners, and, above all, he saw the fireworks.

I despise myself for using so low a word, but the fireworks "licked" him.

A new world was opened to this young man.

He returned to his parents and the little farm among the hills, with his heart full of fireworks.

He said, "I will make some myself."

He said this while eating a lobster on top of the coach.

He was an extraordinarily skilful young man in the use of a common clasp-knife.

With that simple weapon he could make, from soft wood, horses, dogs, cats, &c. He carved excellent soldiers also.

I remember his masterpiece.

It was "Napoleon crossing the Alps."

Looking at it critically, I should say it was rather short of Alps.

An Alp or two more would have improved it: but, as a whole, it was a wonderful piece of work; and what a wonderful piece of work is a wooden man, when his legs and arms are all right.

V.—WHAT THIS YOUNG MAN SAID.

He said, "I can make just as good fireworks as them in Boston."

"Them" was not grammatical, but why care for grammar as long as we are good?

VI.—THE FATHER'S TEARS.

PETTINGILL neglected the farm.

He said that it might till itself—he should manufacture some gorgeous fireworks, and exhibit them on the village green on the next 4th of July.

He said the Eagle of Fame would flap his wings over their humble roof ere many months should pass away.

"If he does," said old Mr. Pettingill, "we

must shoot him, and bile him, and eat him, because we shall be rather short of meat, my son, if you go on in this lazy way."

And the old man wept.

He shed over 120 gallons of tears.

That is to say, a puncheon. But by all means let us avoid turning this romance into a farce.

VII.—PYROTECHNY.

But the headstrong young man went to work, making fireworks.

He bought and carefully studied a work on pyrotechny.

The villagers knew that he was a remarkably skilful young man, and they all said, "We shall have a great treat next 4th of July."

Meanwhile Pettingill worked away.

VIII.—THE DAY.

The great day came at last.

Thousands poured into the little village from far and near.

There was an oration, of course.

IX.—ORATORY IN AMERICA.

Yes; there was an oration.

We have a passion for oratory in America—political oratory chiefly.

Our political orators never lose a chance to "express their views."

They will do it. You cannot stop them.

There was an execution in Ohio one day, and the Sheriff, before placing the rope round the murderer's neck, asked him if he had any remarks to make?

"If he hasn't," said a well-known local orator, pushing his way rapidly through the dense crowd to the gallows—"if our ill-starred feller-citizen don't feel inclined to make a speech, and is in no hurry, I should like to avail myself of the present occasion to make some remarks on the necessity of a new protective tariff!"

X.—PETTINGILL'S FIREWORKS.

As I said in Chapter VIII., there was an oration. There were also processions, and guns, and banners.

"This evening," said the chairman of the committee of arrangements, "this evening, fellow-citizens, there will be a grand display of fireworks on the village green, superintended by the inventor and manufacturer, our public-spirited townsman, Mr. Reuben Pettingill."

Night closed in, and an immense concourse of people gathered on the village green.

On a raised platform, amidst his fireworks, stood Pettingill.

He felt that the great hour of his life was come, and, in a firm, clear voice, he said:

"The fust fireworks, feller-citizens, will be a rocket, which will go up in the air, bust, and assume the shape of a serpint."

He applied a match to the rocket, but instead of going up in the air, it flew wildly down into the grass, running some distance with a hissing kind of sound, and causing the masses to jump round in a very insane manner.

Pettingill was disappointed, but not disheartened. He tried again.

"The next fireworks," he said, "will go up in the air, bust, and become a beautiful revolvin' wheel."

But, alas! it didn't. It only ploughed a little furrow in the green grass, like its unhappy predecessor.

The masses laughed at this, and one man—a white-haired old villager—said, kindly but firmly, "Reuben, I'm 'fraid you don't understand pyrotechny."

Reuben was amazed. Why did his rockets go down instead of up? But, perhaps, the others would be more successful; and, with a flushed face, and in a voice scarcely as firm as before, he said:

"The next specimen of pyrotechny will go up in the air, bust, and become a eagle. Said eagle will soar away into the western skies, leavin' a red trail behind him as he so soars."

But, alas! again. No eagle soared, but, on the contrary, that ordinarily proud bird buried its head in the grass.

The people were dissatisfied. They made sarcastic remarks. Some of them howled angrily. The aged man, who had

before spoken, said, "No, Reuben, you evidently don't understand pyrotechny."

Pettingill boiled with rage and disappointment.

"You don't understand pyrotechny!" the masses shouted.

Then they laughed in a disagreeable manner, and some unfeeling lads threw dirt at our hero.

"You don't understand pyrotechny!" the masses yelled again.

"Don't I?" screamed Pettingill, wild with rage; "don't you think I do?"

Then seizing several gigantic rockets he placed them over a box of powder, and touched the whole off.

This rocket went up. It did, indeed.

There was a terrific explosion.

No one was killed, fortunately; though many were injured.

The platform was almost torn to pieces.

But proudly erect among the falling timbers stood Pettingill, his face flashing with wild triumph; and he shouted: "If I'm any judge of pyrotechny, *that* rocket has went off."

Then seeing that all the fingers on his right hand had been taken close off in the explosion, he added: "And I ain't so dreadful certain but four of my fingers has went off with it, because I don't see 'em here now!"

X.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

I WAS sitting in the bar, quietly smokin a frugal pipe, when two middle-aged and stern-lookin females and a young and pretty female suddenly entered the room. They were accompanied by two umbrellers and a negro gentleman. "Do you feel for the down-trodden?" said one of the females, a thin-faced and sharp-voiced person in green spectacles. "Do I feel for it?" ansered the lan'lord, in a puzzled voice—"Do I feel for it?" "Yes; for the oppressed, the benited?" "Inasmuch as to which?" said the lan'lord. "You see this man?" said the female, pintin her umbreller at the negro gentleman. "Yes, marm, I see him." "Yes!" said the female, raisin her voice to a exceedin high pitch, "you see him, and he's your brother!" "No, I'm darned if he is!"

said the lan'lord, hastily retreatin to his beer-casks. "And yours!" shouted the excited female, addressin me. "He is also your brother!" "No, I think not, marm," I pleasantly replied. "The nearest we come to that color in our family was the case of my brother John. He had the jan ders for sev'ral years, but they finally left him. I am happy to state that, at the present time, he hasn't a solitary jander." "Look at this man!" screamed the female. I looked at him. He was an able-bodied, well-dressed, comfortable-looking negro. He looked as though he might heave three or four good meals a day into him without a murmer. "Look at that down-trodden man!" cried the female. "Who trod on him?" I inquired. "Villains! despots!" "Well," said the lan'lord, "why don't you go to the willins about it? Why do you come here tellin us niggers is our brothers, and brandishin your umbrellers round like a lot of lunytics? You'r wuss than the sperrit-rappers?" "Have you," said middle-aged female No. 2, who was a quieter sort of person, "have you no sentiment—

no poetry in your soul—no love for the beautiful? Dost never go into the green fields to cull the beautiful flowers?" "I not only never dost," said the landlord in an angry voice, "but I'll bet you five pound you can't bring a man as dares say I durst." "The little birds," continued the female, "dost not love to gaze onto them?" "I would I were a bird, that I might fly to thou?" I humorously sung, casting a sweet glance at the pretty young woman. "Don't you look in that way at my dawter!" said female No. 1, in a violent voice; "you're old enough to be her father." "'Twas an innocent look, dear madam," I softly said. "You behold in me an emblem of innocence and purity. In fact, I start for Rome by the first train to-morrow to sit as a model to a celebrated artist who is about to sculp a statue to be called Sweet Innocence. Do you s'pose a sculper would send for me for that purpose onless he knowd I was overflowing with innocency? Don't make a error about me." "It is my opinyn," said the leading female, "that you're a scoffer and a wretch? Your mind is in a wusser

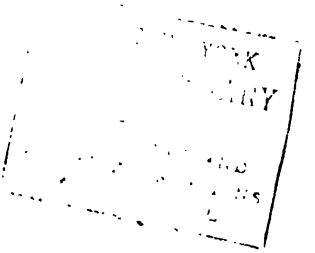
beclouded state than the poor negroes we are seeking to aid. You are a groper in the dark cellar of sin. O sinful man!

> There is a sparkling fount,
> Come, O come, and drink.

No: you will not come and drink." "Yes, he will," said the landlord, "if you'll treat. Jest try him." "As for you," said the enraged female to the landlord, "you're a degraded bein, to low and wulgar to talk to." "This is the sparklin fount for me, dear sister!" cried the lan'lord, drawin and drinkin a mug of beer. Having uttered which goak, he gave a low rumblin larf, and relapst into silence. "My colored fren'," I said to the negro, kindly, "what is it all about?" He said they was trying to raise money to send missionaries to the Southern States in America to preach to the vast numbers of negroes recently made free there. He said they were without the gospel. They were without tracts. I said, "My fren', this is a seris matter. I admire you for trying to help the race to which you belong, and far be it from me to say

anything again carrying the gospel among the blacks of the South. Let them go to them by all means. But I happen to individually know that there are some thousands of liberated blacks in the South who are starvin. I don't blame anybody for this, but it is a very sad fact. Some are really too ill to work, some can't get work to do, and others are too foolish to see any necessity for workin. I was down there last winter, and I observed that this class had plenty of preachin for their souls, but skurce any vittles for their stummux. Now, if it is proposed to send flour and bacon along with the gospel, the idea is really a excellent one. If, on the t'other hand, it is proposed to send preachin alone, all I can say is that its a hard case for the niggers. If you expect a colored person to get deeply interested in a tract when his stummuck is empty, you expect too much." I gave negro as much as I could afford, and the kind-hearted lan'lord did the same. I said, "Farewell, my colored fren', I wish you well, certainly. You are now as free as the eagle. Be like him and soar. But don't

"Young woman, I'm not your Saler boy. Far different."—
See page 52.



attempt to convert a Ethiopian person while his stummuck yearns for vittles. And you, ladies—I hope you are ready to help the poor and unfortunate at home, as you seem to help the poor and unfortunate abroad." When they had gone, the lan'lord said, "Come into the garden, Ward." And we went and culled some carrots for dinner.

PART II.

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

From the "Cleveland Plaindealer."

245526

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

I.

ABOUT EDITORS.

We hear a great deal, and something too much about the poverty of editors. It is common for editors to parade their poverty and joke about it in their papers. We see these witticisms almost every day of our lives. Sometimes the editor does the "vater vorks business," as Mr. Samuel Weller called weeping, and makes pathetic appeals to his subscribers. Sometimes he is in earnest when he makes these appeals, but why "on airth" does he stick to a business that will not support him decently? We read of patriotic and lofty-

minded individuals who sacrifice health, time, money, and perhaps life for the good of humanity, the Union and that sort of thing, but we don't *see* them very often. We must say that we could count up all the lofty patriots in this line that we have ever seen, during our brief but checquered and romantic career, in less than half a day. A man who clings to a wretchedly paying business, when he can make himself and others near and dear to him fatter and happier by doing something else, is about as near an ass as possible and not hanker after green grass and corn in the ear. The truth is, editors as a class are very well fed, groomed and harnessed. They have some pains that other folk do not have, and they also have some privileges which the community in general can't possess. While we would not advise the young reader to "go for an editor," we assure him he can do much worse. He mustn't spoil a flourishing blacksmith or popular victualer in making an indifferent editor of himself, however. He must be endowed with some fancy and imagination to enchain the pub-

lic eye. It was Smith, we believe, or some other man with an odd name, who thought Shakspeare lacked the requisite fancy and imagination for a successful editor.

To those persons who can't live by printing papers we would say, in the language of the profligate boarder when dunned for his bill, being told at the same time by the keeper of the house that he couldn't board people for nothing, "sell out to somebody who can." In other words, fly from a business which don't remunerate. But as we intimated before, there is much gammon in the popular editorial cry of poverty.

Just now we see a touching paragraph floating through the papers to the effect that editors don't live out half their years —that, poor souls! they wear themselves out for the benefit of a cold and unappreciating world. We don't believe it. Gentle reader, don't swallow it. It is a footlight trick to work on your feelings. For ourselves, let us say, that unless we slip up considerably on our calculations, it will be a long time before our fellow-citizens will

have the melancholy pleasure of erecting to our memory a towering monument of Parian marble on the Public Square.

—o—

ITEMS.—They are very "scarce." Readers may complain at the lack of local news in our papers, but where can we get it? We are in about as bad a fix as the French leader of the orchestra in a theatre "Out West" was. He was flourishing his baton in the most frantic manner—the fiddles were squeaking—the brass instruments were braying—the cymbals were clashing, and the orchestra was making all the noise it possibly could. But a man in the pit wasn't satisfied. "Louder! louder! louder!" he yelled. The French leader dropped his baton in despair, wiped the perspiration from his brow, told the orchestra to cease playing, and violently spoke as follows:—"The gen'lman may cry loud-AR as much as he please, but vere we get de wind, by gar?" A few hours of active study will show the reader that the comparison is a good one.

II.

EDITING.

BEFORE you go for an Editor, young man, pause and take a big think! Do not rush into the Editorial harness rashly. Look around and see if there is not an omnibus to drive—some soil somewhere to be tilled—a clerkship on some meat cart to be filled—anything that is reputable and healthy, rather than going for an Editor, which is hard business at best.

We are not a horse, and consequently have never been called upon to furnish the motive power for a threshing machine; but we fancy that the life of the Editor, who is forced to write, write, write, whether he feels right or not, is much like that of the steed in question. If the yeas and neighs could be obtained we believe the intelligent horse would decide that the threshing machine is preferable to the sanctum Editorial.

The Editor's work is never done. He is drained incessantly, and no wonder that he dries up prematurely. Other people can attend banquets, weddings, etc.; visit halls of dazzling light, get inebriated, break windows, lick a man occasionally, and enjoy themselves in a variety of ways; but the Editor cannot. He must stick tenaciously to his quill. The press, like a sick baby, mustn't be left alone for a minute. If the press is left to run itself even for a day, some absurd person indignantly orders the carrier-boy to stop bringing "that infernal paper. There's nothing in it. I won't have it in the house!"

The elegant Mantalini, reduced to mangleturning, described his life as "a dem'd horrid grind." The life of the Editor is all of that.

But there is a good time coming, we feel confident, for the Editor. A time when he will be appreciated. When he will have a front seat. When he will have pie every day, and wear store clothes continually. When the harsh cry of "stop my paper" will no more grate upon his ears.

Courage, Messieurs the Editors! Still, sanguine as we are of the coming of this jolly time, we advise the aspirant for Editorial honors to pause ere he takes up the quill as a means of obtaining his bread and butter. Do not, at least, do so until you have been jilted several dozen times by a like number of girls; until you have been knocked down stairs and soused in a horse-pond; until all the "gushing" feelings within you have been thoroughly subdued; until, in short, your hide is of rhinoceros thickness. Then, O aspirants for the bubble reputation at the press's mouth, throw yourselves among the inkpots, dust, and cobwebs of the printing office, if you will.

* * * Good my lord, will you see the Editors well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you had better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

HAMLET, *slightly altered.*

III.

MORALITY AND GENIUS.

We see it gravely stated in a popular Metropolitan journal that "true genius goes hand in hand, necessarily, with morality." The statement is not a startlingly novel one. It has been made, probably, about sixty thousand times before. But it is untrue and foolish. We wish genius and morality were affectionate companions, but it is a fact that they are often bitter enemies. They don't necessarily coalesce any more than oil and water do. Innumerable instances may be readily produced in support of this proposition. Nobody doubts that Sheridan had genius, yet he was a sad dog. Mr. Byron, the author of Childe Harold "and other poems," was a man of genius, we think, yet Mr. Byron was a fearfully fast man. Edgar A. Poe wrote mag-

nificent poetry and majestic prose, but he was in private life hardly the man for small and select tea parties. We fancy Sir Richard Steele was a man of genius, but he got disreputably drunk, and didn't pay his debts. Swift had genius—an immense lot of it—yet Swift was a cold-blooded, pitiless, bad man. The catalogue might be spun out to any length, but it were useless to do it. We don't mean to intimate that men of genius must necessarily be sots and spendthrifts—we merely speak of the fact that very many of them have been both, and in some instances much worse than both. Still we can't well see (though some think they can) how the pleasure and instruction people derive from reading the productions of these great lights is diminished because their morals were "lavishly loose." They might have written better had their private lives been purer, but of this nobody can determine, for the pretty good reason that nobody knows.

So with actors. We have seen people stay away from the theater because Mrs. Grundy said the star of the evening invari-

ably retired to his couch in a state of extreme inebriety. If the star is afflicted with a weakness of this kind, we may regret it. We may pity or censure the star. But we must still acknowledge the star's genius, and applaud it. Hence we conclude that the chronic weaknesses of actors no more affect the question of the propriety of patronizing theatrical representations, than the profligacy of journeymen shoemakers affects the question of the propriety of wearing boots. All of which is respectfully submitted.

IV.

POPULARITY.

WHAT a queer thing is popularity. Bill Pug Nose of the "Plug-Uglies" acquires a world-wide reputation by smashing up the "champion of light weights," sets up a Saloon upon it, and realizes the first month; while our Missionary, who collected two hundred blankets last August, and at that time saved a like number of little negroes in the West Indies from freezing, has received nothing but the yellow fever. The Hon. Oracular M. Matterson becomes able to withstand any quantity of late nights and bad brandy, is elected to Congress, and lobbies through contracts by which he realizes some $50,000, while private individuals lose $100,000 by the Atlantic Cable. Contracts are popular—the cable isn't. Fiddlers, Prima-Donnas, Horse Operas, learned

pigs, and five-legged calves travel through the country, reaping "golden opinions, while editors, inventors, professors and humanitarians generally, are starving in garrets. Revivals of religion, fashions, summer resorts, and pleasure trips, are exceedingly popular, while trade, commerce, chloride of lime, and all the concomitants necessary to render the inner life of denizens of cities tolerable, are decidedly NON EST. Even water, which was so popular and populous a few weeks agone, comes to us in such stinted sprinklings that it has become popular to supply it only from hydrants in sufficient quantities to raise one hundred disgusting smells in a distance of two blocks. Monsieur Revierre, with nothing but a small name and a large quantity of hair, makes himself exceedingly popular with hotel-keepers and a numerous progeny of female Flaunts and Blounts, while Felix Smooth and Mr. Chink, who persistently set forth their personal and more substantial marital charms through the columns of the New York Herald, have only received one interview each—

one from a man in female attire, and the other from the keeper of an unmentionable house. Popularity is a queer thing, very. If you don't believe us, try it!

——o——

DULL.—It is a scandalous fact that this city is desperately and fearfully barren of incident. No "dem'd, moist unpleasant bodies" are fished up out of the river; no ambitious young female runs off with her "feller;" no stabbings, gougings, or fisticuffs occur; no eminent merchant suspends; no banker or railroad man defaults, and not even a dog-fight disturbs the rigid and corpse-like quiet of the city. We want a murder. We insist upon having a murder. A man-slaughter won't do. It must be murder, premeditated, foul, and unnatural. It must be a luscious murder, abounding in soul-harrowing incidents. Some "man in human shape" must chop the heads of his entire family off with a meat-axe, or insert a butcher-knife ingeniously under their fifth ribs. Let murder be done. Bring on your murderers. We want to be Rochestered!

V.

A LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY.

An enterprising traveling agent for a well-known Cleveland Tomb Stone Manufactory lately made a business visit to a small town in an adjoining county. Hearing, in the village, that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him and offer him consolation and a gravestone, on his usual reasonable terms. He started. The road was a frightful one, but the agent persevered, and finally arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting fence rails "over in the pastur, about two milds." The indefatigable agent hitched his horse and started for the "pastur." After falling into all manner of mudholes, scratching himself with briers, and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent

at length found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear of it, and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all, both of high and low degree. Informed the man that "what was his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a gravestone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was "a little difficulty in the way." "Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent. "Why yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave stun ain't necessary: you see the cussed critter ain't dead. SHE'S SCOOTED WITH ANOTHER MAN!" The agent retired.

VI.

OTHELLO.

EVERYBODY knows that this is one of Mr. W. Shakespeare's best and most attractive plays. The public is more familiar with Othello than any other of "the great Bard's" efforts. It is the most quoted from by writers and orators, Hamlet perhaps excepted, and provincial theaters seem to take more delight in doing it than almost any other play extant, legitimate or otherwise. The scene is laid in Venice. Othello, a warm-hearted, impetuous and rather verdant Moorish gentleman, considerably in the military line, falls in love and marries Desdemona, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Brabantio, who represents one of the "back districts" in the Venetian Senate. The Senator is quite vexed at this—rends his linen and swears considerably—but finally dries up, requesting the Moor to re-

member that Desdemona has deceived her Pa, and bidding him to look out that she don't likewise come it over him, "or words to that effect." Mr. and Mrs. Othello get along very pleasantly for awhile. She is sweet-tempered and affectionate—a nice, sensible woman, not at all inclined to pantaloons, he-female conventions, pickled-beets and other "strong-minded" arrangements. He is a likely man and "a good provider." But a man named Iago, who we believe wants to get Mr. O. out of his snug government berth that he may get into it, systematically and effectually ruins the Othello household. Had there been a Lecompton Constitution up, Iago would have been an able and eloquent advocate of it, and would thus have got Othello's position, for the Moor would have utterly repudiated that pet scheme of the Devil and several other gentlemen, whose names we omit out of regard for the feelings of their parents. Lecompton wasn't a "test," however, and Iago took another course to oust Othello. He fell in with a brainless young man named Roderigo and

won all of his money at euchre. (Iago always played foul.) We suppose he did this to procure funds to help him carry out his vile scheme. Michael Cassio, whose first name would imply that he was of the Irish persuasion, was the unfortunate individual selected by Mr. I. as his principal tool. This Cassio was a young officer of considerable promise and high moral worth. He yet unhappily had a weakness for drink, and through this weakness Mr. I. determined to "fetch him." He accordingly proposed a drinking bout with Michael. Michael drank faithfully every time, but Iago adroitly threw his whiskey on the floor. While Cassio is pouring the liquor down his throat Iago sings a popular bacchanalian song, the first verse of which is as follows:

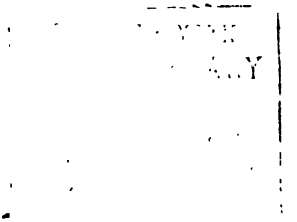
"And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man,
A life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier drink."

And the infatuated young man does drink. The "canakin is clinked" until Michael

gets as tight as a boiled owl. He has about seven inches of whisky in him. He says he is sober, and thinks he can walk a crack with distinguished success. He then grows religious and "hopes to be saved." He then wants to fight, and allows he can lick a yard full of the Venetian fancy. He falls in with Roderigo and proceeds to smash him. Montano undertakes to stop Cassio, when that intoxicated person stabs him. Iago pretends to be very sorry to see Michael conduct himself in this improper manner, and undertakes to smooth the thing over to Othello, who rushes in with a drawn sword and wants to know what's up. Iago cunningly gives his villanous explanation, and Othello tells Michael that he loves him but he can't train in his regiment any more. Desdemona, the gentle and good, sympathizes with Cassio and intercedes for him with the Moor. Iago gives the Moor to understand that she does this because she likes Michael better than she does his own dark-faced self, and intimates that their relations (Desdemona's and Michael's) are

of an entirely too friendly character. The Moor believes the villain's yarn, and commences making himself unhappy and disagreeable generally. Iago tells Othello what he heard Cassio say about "sweet Desdemona" in his dreams, but of course the story was a creation of Iago's fruitful brain—in short, a lie. The poor Moor swallows it, though, and storms terribly. He grabs Iago by the throat and tells him to give him the ocular proof. Iago becomes virtuously indignant and is sorry he mentioned the subject to the Moor. The Moor relents and believes Iago. He then tortures Desdemona with his foul suspicions, and finally smothers her with a pillow while she is in bed. Mrs. Iago, who is a woman of spirit, comes in on the Moor just as he has finished the murder. She gives it to him right smartly, and shows him he has been terribly deceived. Mr. Iago enters. Mrs. Iago pitches into him and he stabs her. Othello gives him a piece of his mind and subsequently a piece of his sword. Iago, with a sardonic smile, says he bleeds but isn't hurt much.

Natural History—Sudden and unexpected Playfulness of the Bear—*See page* 70.



He then walks up to Othello, and with another sardonic smile, points to the death-couch of poor Desdemona. He then goes off. Othello tells the assembled dignitaries that he has done the State some service and they know it; asks them to speak of him as he is, and do as fair a thing as they can under the circumstances; calls himself a circumcised dog, and kills himself, which is the most sensible thing he can do.

VII.

SCENES OUTSIDE THE FAIR GROUND.

THERE is some fun outside the Fair Ground. Any number of mountebanks have pitched their tents there, and are exhibiting all sorts of monstrosities to large and enthusiastic audiences. There are some eloquent men among the showmen. Some of them are Demosthenic. We looked around among them during the last day we honored the Fair with our brilliant presence, and were rather pleased at some things we heard and witnessed.

The man with the fat woman and the little woman and the little man was there. "'Ere's a show now," said he, "worth seeing. 'Ere's a entertainment that improves the morals. P. T. Barnum—you've all hearn o' him. What did he say to me? Sez he to me, sez P. T. Barnum, 'Sir, you have the damdist best show

travelin'!'—and all to be seen for the small sum of fifteen cents!"

The man with the blue hog was there. Says he, "Gentlemen, this beast can't turn round in a crockery grate ten feet square and is of a bright indigo blue. Over five hundred persons have seen this wonderful being this mornin', and they said as they come out, 'What can these 'ere things be? Is it alive? Doth it breathe and have a being? Ah yes, they say, it is true, and we have saw a entertainment as we never saw afore. 'Tis nature's [only fifteen cents—'ere's your change, Sir] own sublime handiworks'—and walk right in."

The man with the wild mare was there. "Now, then, my friends, is your time to see the gerratist queeriosity in the livin' world—a wild mare without no hair—captered on the roarin' wild prahayries of the far distant West by sixteen Injuns. Don't fail to see this gerrate exhibition. Only fifteen cents. Don't go hum without seein' the State Fair, an' you won't see the State Fair without you see my show. Gerratist exhibition in the known world, an' all

for the small sum of fifteen cents." Two gentlemen connected with the press here walked up and asked the showman, in a still small voice, if he extended the usual courtesies to editors. He said he did, and requested them to go in. While they were in some sly dog told him their names. When they came out the showman pretended to talk with them, though he didn't say a word. They were evidently in a hurry. "There, gentlemen, what do you think them gentlemen say? They air editors—editors, gentlemen—Mr. ——— of the Cleveland ——, and Mr. ——— of the Detroit ——, and they say it is the gerratist show they ever seed in their born days!" [Nothing but the tip ends of the editors' coat-tails could be seen when the showman concluded this speech.]

A smart-looking chap was doing a brisk business with a gambling contrivance. Seeing two policemen approach, he rapidly and ingeniously covered the dice up, mounted his table, and shouted: "'Ere's the only great show on the grounds! The highly trained and performing Mud Turtle

with nine heads and seventeen tails, captured in a well-fortified hencoop, after a desperate struggle, in the lowlands of the Wabash!!" The facetious wretch escaped.

A grave, ministerial-looking and elderly man in a white choker had a gift-enterprise concern. "My friends," he solemnly said, "you will observe that this jewelry is elegant indeed, but I can afford to give it away, as I have a twin brother seven years older than I am, in New York City, who steals it a great deal faster than I can give it away. No blanks, my friends—all prizes—and only fifty cents a chance. I don't make anything myself, my friends—all I get goes to aid a sick woman—my aunt in the country, gentlemen—and besides I like to see folks enjoy themselves!" The old scamp said all this with a perfectly grave countenance.

The man with the "wonderful calf with five legs and a huming head," and "the philosophical lung-tester," were there. Then there was the Flying Circus and any number of other ingenious contrivances to re-

lieve young ladies and gentlemen from the rural districts of their spare change.

A young man was bitterly bewailing the loss of his watch, which had been cut from his pocket by some thief. "You ain't smart," said a middle-aged individual in a dingy Kossuth hat with a feather in it, and who had a very you-can't-fool-me look. "I've been to the State Fair before, I want yer to understan', and know my bizniss aboard a propeller. Here's MY money," he exultingly cried, slapping his pantaloons' pocket." About half an hour after this we saw this smart individual rushing frantically around after a policeman. Somebody had adroitly relieved him of HIS money. In his search for a policeman he encountered the young man who wasn't smart. "Haw, haw, haw," violently laughed the latter, "by G—, I thought you was smart—I thought you'd been to the State Fair before." The smart man looked sad for a moment, but a knowing smile soon crossed his face, and drawing the young man who wasn't smart confidentially towards him, said: "There wasn't only fifty cents in coppers in my

pocket—my MONEY is in my boot—they can't fool me—I'VE BEEN TO THE STATE FAIR BEFORE!!"

—o—

HE DECLINED "BILING."—The students of the Conneaut Academy gave a theatrical entertainment a few winters ago. They "executed" Julius Cæsar. Everything went off satisfactorily until Cæsar was killed in the market-place. The stage accommodations were limited, and Cæsar fell nearly under the stove in which there was a roaring fire. And when Brutus said—

> "People and Senators!—be not affrighted;
> Fly not; stand still—ambition's debt is paid!"

he was amazed to see Cæsar rise upon his feet and nervously examine his scorched garments. "Lay down, you fool," shouted Brutus, wildly, "do you want to break up the whole thing?" "No," returned Cæsar, in an excited manner, "I don't: I want to act out Gineral Cæsar in good style, but I ain't goin' to bile under that cussed old stove for nobody!" This stopped the play, and the students abandoned theatricals forthwith.

VIII.

COLORED PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

THERE is a plain little meeting-house on Barnwell street in which the colored people—or a goodly portion of them—worship on Sundays. The seats are cushionless and have perpendicular backs. The pulpit is plain white—trimmed with red, it is true, but still a very unostentatious affair for colored people, who are supposed to have a decided weakness for gay hues. Should you escort a lady to this church and seat yourself beside her, you will infallibly be touched on the shoulder, and politely requested to move to the "gentlemen's side." Gentlemen and ladies are not allowed to sit together in this church. They are parted remorselessly. It is hard—we may say it is terrible—to be torn asunder in this way, but you have to submit, and of

course you had better do so gracefully and pleasantly.

Meeting opens with an old fashioned hymn, which is very well sung indeed, by the congregation. Then the minister reads a hymn, which is sung by the choir on the front seats near the pulpit. Then the minister prays. He hopes no one has been attracted there by idle curiosity—to see or be seen — and you naturally conclude that he is gently hitting you. Another hymn follows the prayer, and then we have the discourse, which certainly has the merit of peculiarity and boldness. The minister's name is Jones. He don't mince matters at all. He talks about the "flames of hell" with a confident fierceness that must be quite refreshing to sinners. "There's no half-way about this," says he, "no by-paths. There are in Cleveland lots of men who go to church regularly, who behave well in meeting, and who pay their bills. They ain't Christians, though. They're gentlemen sinners. And whar d'ye spose theyll fetch up? I'll tell ye—they'll fetch up in hell, and they'll come up standing, too—

there's where they'll fetch up! Who's my backer? Have I got a backer? Whar's my backer? This is my backer (striking the Bible before him)—the Bible will back me to any amount!" To still further convince his hearers that he was in earnest, he exclaimed, "That's me—that's Jones!"

He alluded to Eve in terms of bitter censure. It was natural that Adam should have been mad at her. "I shouldn't want a woman that wouldn't mind me, myself," said the speaker.

He directed his attention to dancing, declaring it to be a great sin. "Whar there's dancing there's fiddling — whar there's fiddling there's unrighteousness, and unrighteousness is wickedness, and wickedness is sin! That's me — that's Jones."

Bosom, the speaker invariably called "buzzim," and devil "debil," with a fearfully strong accent on the "il."

IX.

SPIRITS.

MR. DAVENPORT, who has been for some time closely identified with the modern spiritual movement, is in the City with his daughter, who is quite celebrated as a medium. They are accompanied by Mr. Eighme and his daughter, and are holding circles in Hoffman's Block every afternoon and evening. We were present at the circle last evening. Miss Davenport seated herself at a table on which was a tin trumpet, a tamborine, and a guitar. The audience were seated around the room. The lights were blown out, and the spirit of an eccentric individual, well known to the Davenports, and whom they call George, addressed the audience through the trumpet. He called several of those present by name in a boisterous voice, and dealt several stunning knocks on the table. George has

been in the spirit world some two hundred years. He is a rather rough spirit, and probably run with the machine and "killed for Kyser" when in the flesh. He ordered the seats in the room to be wheeled round so the audience would face the table. He said the people on the front seat must be tied with a rope. The order was misunderstood, the rope being merely drawn before those on the front seat. He reprimanded Mr. Davenport for not understanding the instructions. What he meant was that the rope should be passed once around each person on the front seat and then tightly drawn, a man at each end of the seat to hold on to it. This was done and George expressed himself satisfied. There was no one near the table save the medium. All the rest were behind the rope, and those on the front seat were particularly charged not to let any one pass by them. George said he felt first-rate, and commenced kissing the ladies present. The smack could be distinctly heard, and some of the ladies said the sensation was very natural. For the first time in our

eventful life we sighed to be a spirit. We envied George. We did not understand whether the kissing was done through a trumpet. After kissing considerably, and indulging in some playful remarks with a man whose Christian name was Napoleon Bonaparte, and whom George called "Boney," he tied the hands and feet of the medium. He played the guitar and jingled the tamborine, and then dashed them violently on the floor. The candles were lit and Miss Davenport was securely tied. She could not move her hands. Her feet were bound, and the rope (which was a long one) was fastened to the chair. No person in the room had been near her or had anything to do with tieing her. Every person who was in the room will take his or her oath of that. She could hardly have tied herself. We never saw such intricate and thorough tieing in our life. The believers present were convinced that George did it. The unbelievers didn't exactly know what to think about it. The candles were extinguished again, and pretty soon Miss Davenport

told George to "don't." She spoke in an affrighted tone. The candles were lit, and she was discovered sitting on the table—hands and feet tied as before, and herself tied to the chair withal. The lights were again blown out, there were sounds as if some one was lifting her from the table; the candles were re-lit, and she was seen sitting in the chair on the floor again. No one had been near her from the audience. Again the lights were extinguished, and presently the medium said her feet were wet. It appeared that the mischievous spirit of one Biddie, an Irish Miss who died when twelve years old, had kicked over the water-pail. Miss Eighme took a seat at the table, and the same mischievous Biddie scissored off a liberal lock of her hair. There was the hair, and it had indisputably just been taken from Miss Eighme's head, and her hands and feet, like those of Miss D., were securely tied. Other things of a staggering character to the skeptic were done during the evening.

X.

MR. BLOWHARD.

THE reader has probably met Mr. Blowhard. He is usually round. You find him in all public places. He is particularly "numerous" at shows. Knows all the actors intimately. Went to school with some of 'em. Knows how much they get a month to a cent, and how much liquor they can hold to a teaspoonful. He knows Ned Forrest like a book. Has taken sundry drinks with Ned. Ned likes him much. Is well acquainted with a certain actress. Could have married her just as easy as not if he had wanted to. Didn't like her "style," and so concluded not to marry her. Knows Dan Rice well. Knows all of his men and horses. Is on terms of affectionate intimacy with Dan's rhinoceros, and is tolerably well acquainted with the performing elephant. We encountered Mr.

Blowhard at the circus yesterday. He was entertaining those near him with a full account of the whole institution, men, boys, horses, "muils" and all. He said, the rhinoceros was perfectly harmless, as his teeth had all been taken out in infancy. Besides, the rhinoceros was under the influence of opium, while he was in the ring, which entirely prevented his injuring anybody. No danger whatever. In due course of time the amiable beast was led into the ring. When the cord was taken from his nose, he turned suddenly and manifested a slight desire to run violently in among some boys who were seated near the musicians. The keeper, with the assistance of one of the Bedouin Arabs, soon induced him to change his mind, and got him in the middle of the ring. The pleasant quadruped had no sooner arrived here than he hastily started, with a melodious bellow, towards the seats on one of which sat Mr. Blowhard. Each particular hair on Mr. Blowhard's head stood up "like squills upon the speckled porkupine" (Shakspeare or Artemus Ward, we forget which), and he fell, with a small

shriek, down through the seats to the ground. He remained there until the agitated rhinoceros became calm, when he crawled slowly back to his seat. "Keep mum," he said, with a very wise shake of the head, "I only wanted to have some fun with them folks above us. I swar, I'll bet the whisky they thought I was scared!" Great character, that Blowhard.

XI.

MARKET MORNING.

Hurrah ! this is market day,
Up, lads, and gaily away !—OLD COMEDY.

ON market mornings there is a roar and a crash all about the corner of Kinsman and Pittsburgh streets. The market building, so called we presume because it don't in the least resemble a market building, is crowded with beef and butchers, and almost countless meat and vegetable wagons, of all sorts, are confusedly huddled together all around outside. These wagons mostly come from a few miles out of town, and are always on the spot at daybreak. A little after sunrise the crash and jam commences, and continues with little cessation until 10 o'clock in the forenoon. There is a babel of tongues, an excessively cosmopolitan gathering of people, a roar of wheels, and a lively smell of beef and vege-

tables. The soap man, the head-ache curative man, the razor man, and a variety of other tolerable humbugs are in full blast. We meet married men with baskets in their hands. Those who have been fortunate in their selections look happy, while some who have been unlucky wear a dejected air, for they are probably destined to get pieces of their wives' minds on their arrival home. It is true, that all married men have their own way, but the trouble is they don't all have their own way of having it! We meet a newly married man. He has recently set up house-keeping. He is out to buy steak for breakfast. There are only himself and wife and female domestic in the family. He shows us his basket, which contains steak enough for at least ten able-bodied men. We tell him so, but he says we don't know anything about war, and passes on. Here comes a lady of high degree, who has no end of servants to send to the market, but she likes to come herself, and it won't prevent her shining and sparkling in her elegant drawing-room this afternoon. And she is accumulating mus-

cle and freshness of face by these walks to market.

And here *is* a charming picture. Standing beside a vegetable cart is a maiden beautiful, and sweeter far than any daisy in the fields. Eyes of purest blue, lips of cherry red, teeth like pearls, silken, golden hair, and form of exquisite mold. We wonder if she is a fairy, but instantly conclude that she is not, for in measuring out a peck of onions she spills some of them, a small boy laughs at the mishap, and she indignantly shies the measure at his head. Fairies, you know, don't throw peck-measures at small boys' heads. The spell was broken. The golden chain which for a moment bound us fell to pieces. We meet an eccentric individual in corduroy pantaloons and pepper-and-salt coat, who wants to know if we didn't sail out of Nantucket in 1852 in the whaling brig *Jasper Green*. We are compelled to confess that the only nautical experience we ever had was to once temporarily command a canal boat on the dark-rolling Wabash, while the captain went ashore to cave in the head of a mis-

creant who had winked lasciviously at the sylph who superintended the culinary department on board that gallant craft. The eccentric individual smiles in a ghastly manner, says perhaps we won't lend him a dollar till to-morrow; to which we courteously reply that we *certainly* won't, and he glides away.

We return to our hotel, reinvigorated with the early, healthful jaunt, and bestow an imaginary purse of gold upon our African Brother, who brings us a hot and excellent breakfast.

XII.

WE SEE TWO WITCHES.

Two female fortune-tellers recently came hither, and spread "small bills" throughout the city. Being slightly anxious, in common with a wide circle of relatives and friends, to know where we were going to and what was to become of us, we visited both of these eminently respectable witches yesterday and had our fortune told "twict." Physicians sometimes disagree, lawyers invariably do, editors occasionally fall out, and we are pained to say that even witches unfold different tales to one individual. In describing our interviews with these singularly gifted female women, who are actually and positively here in this city, we must speak considerably of "we"—not because we flatter ourselves that we are more interesting than people

in general, but because in the present case it is really necessary. In the language of Hamlet's Pa, "List, O list!"

We went to see "Madame B." first. She has rooms at the Burnett House. The following is a copy of her bill:

MADAME B.

The celebrated Spanish Astrologist, Clairvoyant and female Doctress, would respectfully announce to the citizens that she has just arrived in this city, and designs remaining for a few days only. The Madame can be consulted on all matters pertaining to life, either past, present or future, tracing the line of life from Infancy to Old Age, particularizing each event, in regard to Business, Love, Marriage, Courtship, Losses, Law Matters, and Sickness of Relatives and Friends at a distance.

The Madame will also show her visitors a life-like representation of their Future Husbands and Wives.

Lucky Numbers in Lotteries can also be selected by her, and hundreds who have consulted her have drawn capital prizes. The

Madame will furnish medicine for all diseases, for grown persons, male or female, and children.

Persons wishing to consult her concerning this mysterious art and human destiny, particularly with reference to their own individual bearing in relation to a supposed Providence, can be accommodated by calling at Room No. 23, Burnett House, corner of Prospect and Ontario streets, Cleveland.

The Madame has traveled extensively for the last few years, both in the United States and the West Indies, and the success which has attended her in all places has won for her the reputation of being the most wonderful Astrologist of the present age.

The Madame has a superior faculty for this business, having been born with a Caul on her Face, by virtue of which she can more accurately read the past, present and future; also enabling her to cure many diseases without using drugs or medicines. The Madame advertises nothing but what she can do. Call on her if you would con-

sult the greatest Foreteller of events now living.

Hours of Consultation, from 8 A. M. to 9 o'clock P. M.

We urbanely informed the lady with the "Caul on her Face" that we had called to have our fortune told, and she said "hand out your money." This preliminary being settled, Madame B. (who is a tall, sharp-eyed, dark-featured and angular woman, dressed in painfully positive colors, and heavily loaded with gold chain and mammoth jewelry of various kinds) and Jupiter indicated powerful that we were a slim constitution, which came down on to us from our father's side. Wherein our constitution was not slim, so it came down on to us from our mother's side. "Is this so?" and we said it was. "Yes," continued the witch, "I know'd t'was. You can't deceive Jupiter, me, nor any other planick. You may swim over Hell's-Point same as Leander did, but you can't deceive the planicks. Give me yer hand! Times ain't so easy as they has been. So—so—but 'tis temp'ry. T'wont

last long. Times will be easy soon. You may be tramped on to onct or twict, but you'll rekiver. You have talenk, me child. You kin make a Congresser if sich you likes to be. [We said we would be excused if it was all the same to her.] You kin be a lawyer. [We thanked her, but said we would rather retain our present good moral character.] You kin be a soldier. You have courage enough to go to the Hostrian wars and kill the French. [We informed her that we had already murdered some "English."] You won't have much money till you're thirty-three years of old. Then you will have large sums—forty thousand dollars perhaps. Look out for it! [We promised we would.] You have traveled some, and you will travel more, which will make your travels more extensiver than they has been. You will go to Californy by way of Pike's Pick. [Same route taken by Horace Greeley.] If nothin' happens on to you you won't meet with no accidents and will get through pleasant, which you otherwise will not do under all circumstances however which doth happens to all both

great and small likewise to the rich as also the poor. Hearken to me! There has been deaths in your family, and there will be more! But Reserve your constitution and you will live to be seventy years of old. Me child, HER hair will be black—black as the Raving's wing. Likewise black will also be her eyes, and she'll be as different from which you air as night and day. Look out for the darkish man! He's yer rival! Beware of the darkish man! [We promised that we'd introduce a funeral into the "darkish man's" family the moment we encountered him.] Me child, there's more sunshine than clouds for ye, and send all your friends up here.

A word before you goes. Expose not yourself. Your eyes is saller which is on accounts of bile on your systim. Some don't have bile on to their systims which their eyes is not saller. This bile ascends down on to you from many generations which is in their graves and peace to their ashes.

MADAME CROMPTON.

We then proceeded directly to Madame Crompton, the other fortune-teller.

Below is her bill:

MADAME R. CROMPTON,

The world-renowned Fortune Teller and Astrologist. Madame Crompton begs leave to inform the citizens of Cleveland and vicinity, that she has taken rooms at the Farmers' St. Clair House, corner of St. Clair and Water Streets, where she may be consulted on all matters pertaining to Past and Future Events. Also, giving information of Absent Friends, whether living or dead.

P.S.—Persons having lost or having property stolen of any kind, will do well to give her a call, as she will describe the person or persons with such accuracy as will astonish the most devout critic.

Terms Reasonable.

She has rooms at the Farmers' Hotel, as stated in the bill above. She was driving an

extensive business, and we were forced to wait half an hour or so for a chance to see her. Madame Crompton is of the English persuasion, and has evidently searched many long years in vain for her H. She is small in stature, but considerably inclined to corpulency, and her red round face is continually wreathed in smiles, reminding one of a new tin pan basking in the noonday sun. She took a greasy pack of common playing-cards, and requested us to "cut them in three," which we did. She spread them out before her on the table, and said: "Sir to you which I speaks. You 'av been terrible crossed in love, and your 'art 'as been much panged. But you'll get all over it and marry a light complected gale with rayther reddish 'air. Before some time you'll have a leggercy fall down on to you, mostly in solick Jold. There may be a lawsuit about it and you may be sup-prisoned as a witnesses, but you'll git it—mostly in solick Jold, which you will keep in chists, and you must look out for them. [We said we would keep a skinned optic on "them chists."] You 'as a enemy and he's a lightish man. He wants

to defraud you out of your 'onesty. He is tellink lies about you now in the 'opes of crushin' yourself. [A weak invention of "the opposition."] You never did nothin' bad. Your 'art is right. You 'ave a great taste for hosses and like to stay with 'em. Mister to you I sez! Gard aginst the lightish man and all will be well." The supernatural being then took an oval-shaped chunk of glass (which she called a stone) and requested us to "hang on to it." She looked into it and said: "If you're not keerful when you git your money you'll lose it, but which otherwise you will not, and fifty cents is as cheap as I kin afford to tell anybody's fortune and no great shakes made then as the Lord in Heving knows."

XIII.

ROUGH BEGINNING OF THE HONEYMOON.

On last Friday morning an athletic young farmer in the town of Waynesburg took a fair girl, "all bathed in blushes," from her parents, and started for the first town across the Pennsylvania line to be married, where the ceremony could be performed without a license. The happy pair were accompanied by a sister of the girl—a tall, gaunt, and sharp-featured female of some thirty-seven summers. The pair crossed the line, were married, and returned to Wellsville to pass the night. People at the hotel where the wedding party stopped observed that they conducted themselves in a rather singular manner. The husband would take his sister-in-law, the tall female aforesaid, into one corner of the parlor and talk earnestly to her, gesticulating wildly the while.

Then the tall female would "put her foot down" and talk to him in an angry and excited manner. Then the husband would take his fair young bride into a corner, but he could no sooner commence talking to her than the gaunt sister would rush in between them and angrily join in the conversation. The people at the hotel ascertained what all this meant about 9 o'clock that evening. There was an uproar in the room which had been assigned to the newly-married couple. Female shrieks and masculine "swears" startled the people at the hotel, and they rushed to the spot. The gaunt female was pressing and kicking against the door of the room, and the newly-married man, mostly undressed, was barring her out with all his might. Occasionally she would kick the door far enough open to disclose the stalwart husband, in his Gentleman Greek Slave apparel. It appeared that the tall female insisted upon occupying the same room with the newly-wedded pair; that her sister was favorably disposed to the arrangement, and that the husband had agreed to it before the wedding took place,

and was now indignantly repudiating the contract. "Won't you go away now, Susan, peaceful?" said the newly-married man, softening his voice.

"No," said she, "I won't—so there!"

"Don't you budge an inch!" cried the married sister within the room.

"Now—now, Maria," said the young man to his wife, in a piteous tone, "don't go for to cuttin' up in this way: now don't!"

"I'll cut up 's much I wanter!" she sharply replied.

"Well," roared the desperate man, throwing the door wide open and stalking out among the crowd, "well, jest you two wimin put on your duds and go right straight home and bring back the old man and woman, and your grandfather, who is nigh on to a hundred; bring 'em all here, *and I'll marry the whole d—d caboodle of 'em, and we'll all sleep together!*"

The difficulty was finally adjusted by the tall female taking a room alone. Wellsville is enjoying itself over the "sensation."

XIV.

FROM A HOMELY MAN.

DEAR PLAIN DEALER,—I am a plain man, and there is a melancholy fitness in my unbosoming my sufferings to the "Plain" Dealer. Plain as you may be in your dealings, however, I am convinced you never before had to *deal* with a correspondent so hopelessly plain as I. Yet plain don't half express my looks. Indeed I doubt very much whether any word in the English language could be found to convey an adequate idea of my absolute and utter homeliness. The dates in the old family Bible show that I am in the decline of life, but I cannot recall a period in my existence when I felt really young. My very infancy, those brief months when babes prattle joyously and know nothing of care, was darkened by

a shadowy presentiment of what I was to endure through life, and my youth was rendered dismal by continued repetitions of a fact painfully evident "on the face of it," that the boy was growing homelier and homelier every day. Memory, that with other people recalls so much that is sweet and pleasant to think of in connection with their youth, with me brings up nothing but mortification, bitter tears, I had almost said curses, on my solitary and homely lot. I have wished —a thousand times wished—that Memory had never consented to take a seat "in this distracted globe."

You have heard of a man so homely that he couldn't sleep nights, his face ached so. Mr. Editor, I am that melancholy individual. Whoever perpetrated the joke—for joke it was no doubt intended to be—knew not how much truth he was uttering, or how bitterly the idle squib would rankle in the heart of one suffering man. Many and many a night have I in my childhood laid awake thinking of my homeliness, and as the moonlight

has streamed in at the window and fell upon the handsome and placid features of my little brother slumbering at my side, God forgive me for the wicked thought, but I have felt an almost unconquerable impulse to forever disfigure and mar that sweet upturned innocent face that smiled and looked so beautiful in sleep, for it was ever reminding me of the curse I was doomed to carry about me. Many and many a night have I got up in my night-dress, and lighting my little lamp, sat for hours gazing at my terrible ugliness of face reflected in the mirror, drawn to it by a cruel fascination which it was impossible for me to resist.

I need not tell you that I am a single man, and yet I have had what men call affairs of the heart. I have known what it is to worship the heart's embodiment of female loveliness, and purity, and truth, but it was generally at a distance entirely safe to the object of my adoration. Being of a susceptible nature I was continually falling in love, but never, save with one single exception, did I venture to declare

my flame. I saw my heart's palpitator walking in a grove. Moved by my consuming love I rushed towards her, and throwing myself at her feet began to pour forth the long pent-up emotions of my heart. She gave one look and then

"Shrieked till all the rocks replied;"

at least you'd thought they replied if you had seen me leave that grove with a speed greatly accelerated by a shower of rocks from the hands of an enraged brother, who was at hand. That prepossessing young lady is now slowly recovering her reason in an institution for the insane.

Of my further troubles I may perhaps inform you at some future time.

HOMELY MAN.

XV.

THE ELEPHANT.

SOME two years since, on the strength of what we regarded as reliable information, we announced the death of the elephant Hannibal at Canton, and accompanied the announcement with a short biographical sketch of that remarkable animal. We happened to be familiar with several interesting incidents in the private life of Hannibal, and our sketch was copied by almost every paper in America and by several European journals. A few months ago a "traveled" friend showed us the sketch in a Parisian journal, and possibly it is "going the rounds" of the Chinese papers by this time. A few days after we had printed his obituary Hannibal came to town with Van Amburgh's Menagerie, and the same type

which killed the monster restored him to life again.

About once a year Hannibal

> "Gets on a spree,
> And goes bobbin' around,"

to make a short quotation from a once popular ballad. These sprees, in fact, "is what's the matter with him." The other day, in Williamsburg, Long Island, he broke loose in the canvas, emptied most of the cages, and tore through the town like a mammoth pestilence. An extensive crowd of athletic men, by jabbing him with spears and pitchforks, and coiling big ropes around his legs, succeeded in capturing him. The animals he had set free were caught and restored to their cages without much difficulty. We doubt if we shall ever forget our first view of Hannibal—which was also our first view of any elephant—of *the* elephant, in short. It was at the close of a sultry day in June, 18—. The sun had spent its fury and was going to rest among the clouds of gold and crimson. A solitary horseman might have

been seen slowly ascending a long hill in a New England town. That solitary horseman was *us*, and we were mounted on the old white mare. Two bags were strapped to the foaming steed. That was before we became wealthy, and of course we are not ashamed to say that we had been to mill, and consequently *them* bags contained flour and middlin's. Presently a large object appeared at the top of the hill. We had heard of the devil and had been pretty often told that he would have a clear deed and title to us before long, but had never heard him painted like the object which met our gaze at the top of that hill, on the close of that sultry day in June. Concluding (for we were a mere youth) that it was an eccentric whale, who had come ashore near North Yarmouth and was making a tour through the interior on wheels, we hastily turned our steed and made for the mill at a rapid rate. Once we threw over ballast, after the manner of balloonists, and as the object gained on us we cried aloud for our parents. Fortunately we reached the mill in safety

and the object passed at a furious rate, with a portion of a woodshed on its back. It was Hannibal, who had run away from a neighboring town, taking a shed with him.

———o———

DRANK STANDIN'.—Col. —— is a big "railroad man." He attended a railroad supper once. Champagne flowed freely, and the Colonel got more than his share. Speeches were made after the removal of the cloth. Somebody arose and eulogized the Colonel in the steepest possible manner —called him great, good, patriotic, enterprising, &c., &c. The speaker was here interrupted by the illustrious Colonel himself, who, arising with considerable difficulty, and beaming benevolently around the table, gravely said: "Let's (hic) drink that sedimunt standin'!" It was done

XVI.

BUSTS.

THERE are in this city several Italian gentlemen engaged in the bust business. They have their peculiarities and eccentricities. They are swarthy-faced, wear slouched caps and drab pea-jackets, and smoke bad cigars. They make busts of Webster, Clay, Bonaparte, Douglas, and other great men, living and dead. The Italian buster comes upon you solemnly and cautiously. "Buy Napo-leon?" he will say, and you may probably answer "not a buy." "How much giv-ee?" he asks, and perhaps you will ask him how much he wants. "Nine dollar," he will answer always. We are sure of it. We have observed this peculiarity in the busters frequently. No matter how large or small the bust may be, the first price is invariably "nine dollar." If you decline paying this price, as you undoubtedly will if you are

right in your head, he again asks, "how much giv-ee?" By way of a joke you say "a dollar," when the buster retreats indignantly to the door, saying in a low, wild voice, "O dam!" With his hand upon the door-latch, he turns and once more asks, "how much giv-ee?" You repeat the previous offer, when he mutters, "O ha!" then coming pleasantly towards you, he speaks thus: "Say! how much giv-ee?" Again you say a dollar, and he cries, "take 'um—take 'um!"—thus falling eight dollars on his original price.

Very eccentric is the Italian buster, and sometimes he calls his busts by wrong names. We bought Webster (he called him Web-STAR) of him the other day, and were astonished when he called upon us the next day with another bust of Webster, exactly like the one we had purchased of him, and asked us if we didn't want to buy "Cole, the wife-pizener!" We endeavored to rebuke the depraved buster, but our utterance was choked and we could only gaze upon him in speechless astonishment and indignation.

XVII.

A COLORED MAN OF THE NAME OF JEFFRIES.

ONE beautiful day last August, Mr. Elmer, of East Cleveland, sent his hired colored man, of the name of Jeffries, to town with a two-horse wagon to get a load of lime. Mr. Elmer gave Jeffries $5 with which to pay for the lime. The horses were excellent ones, by the way, nicely matched, and more than commonly fast. The colored man of the name of Jeffries came to town and drove to the Johnson street Station, where he encountered a frail young woman of the name of Jenkins, who had just been released from Jail, where she had been confined for naughtycal conduct (drugging and robbing a sailor). "Will you fly with me, adorable Jenkins?" he unto her did say, "or words to that effect," and unto him in reply she did up and say: "My

African brother, I will. Spirit," she continued, alluding to a stone jug under the seat in the wagon, "I follow!" Then into the two-horse wagon this fair maiden got, and *knavely* telling the "perlice" to embark by the first packet for an unromantic land, where the climate is intensely Tropical, and where even Laplanders, who like fire, get more of a good thing than they want—doing and saying thus the woman of the name of Jenkins mounted the seat with the colored man of the name of Jeffries; and so these two sweet, gushing children of Nature rode gaily away. Away towards the setting sun. Away towards Indiana—bright land of cheap whiskey and corn doin's!

XVIII.

HOW THE NAPOLEON OF SELLERS WAS SOLD.

We have read a great many stories of which Winchell, the great wit and mimic, was the hero, showing alway show neatly and entirely he sold somebody. Any one who is familiar with Winchell's wonderful powers of mimicry cannot doubt that these stories are all substantially true. But there is one instance which we will relate, or perish in the attempt, where the jolly Winchell was himself sold. The other evening, while he was conversing with several gentlemen at one of the hotels, a dilapidated individual reeled into the room and halted in front of the stove, where he made wild and unsuccessful efforts to maintain a firm position. He evidently had spent the evening in marching torchlight processions of

forty-rod whiskey down his throat, and at this particular time was decidedly and disreputably drunk. With a sly wink to the crowd, as much as to say, "we'll have some fun with this individual," Winchell assumed a solemn face, and in a ghostly voice said to one of the company:

"The poor fellow we were speaking of is dead!"

"No?" said the individual addressed.

"Yes," said Winchell; "you know both of his eyes were gouged out, his nose was chawed off, and both of his arms were torn out at the roots. Of course he couldn't recover."

This was all said for the benefit of the drunken man, who was standing, or trying to stand, within a few feet of Winchell, but he took no sort of notice of it and was apparently ignorant of the celebrated delineator's presence. Again Winchell endeavored to attract his attention, but utterly failed as before. In a few moments the drunken man staggered out of the room.

"I can generally have a little fun with a

drunken man," said Winchell, "but it is no go in this case."

"I suppose you know what ails the man who just went out?" said the "gentlemanly host."

"I perceive he is alarmingly inebriated," said Winchell; "does anything else ail him?"

"Yes," said the host, "HE'S DEAF AND DUMB!"

This was true. There was a "larf," and Winchell, with the remark that he was sorry to see a disposition in that assemblage "to deceive an orphan," called for a light and went gravely to bed.

XIX.

ON AUTUMN.

POETS are wont to apostrophize the leafy month of June, and there is no denying that if Spring is "some" June is Summer. But there is a gorgeous magnificence about the habiliments of Nature, and a teeming fruitfulness upon her lap during the autumnal months, and we must confess we have always felt genially inclined towards this season. It is true, when we concentrate our field of vision to the minute garniture of earth, we no longer observe the beautiful petals, nor inhale the fragrance of a gay parterre of the "floral epistles" and "angel-like collections" which Longfellow (we believe) so graphically describes, and which Shortfellows so fantastically carry about in their button-holes; but we have all their tints reproduced upon a higher and broader canvas in the kaleidoscopic colors with

which the sky and the forest daily enchant us, and the beautiful and luscious fruits which Autumn spreads out before us, and

"Crowns the rich promise of the opening Spring."

In another point of view Autumn is suggestive of pleasant reflections. The wearying, wasting heat of summer and the deadly blasts with which her breath has for some years been freighted, are past, and the bracing north winds begin to bring balm and healing on their wings. The hurly-burly of travel, and most sorts of publicity (except newspapers), are fast playing out, and we can once more hope to see our friends and relations in the happy sociality of home and fireside enjoyments. Yielding, as we do, the full force to which Autumn is seriously entitled, or rather to the serious reflections and admonitions which the decay of Nature and the dying year always inspire, and admitting the poet's decade:

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

there is a brighter Autumn beyond, and brighter opening years to those who choose them rather than dead leaves and bitter fruits. Thus we can conclude tranquilly with Bryant as we began gaily with another,—

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

XX.

PAYING FOR HIS PROVENDER BY PRAYING.

We have no intention of making fun of serious matters in telling the following story; we merely relate a fact.

There is a rule at Oberlin College that no student shall board at any house where prayers are not regularly made each day. A certain man fitted up a boarding-house and filled it with boarders, but forgot, until the eleventh hour, the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man himself, he looked around for one who was. At length he found one—a meek young man from Trumbull County—who agreed to pay for his board in praying. For a while all went smoothly, but the boarding-master furnished his table so poorly that the boarders began to grumble and to leave, and the other morning the praying boarder actually

"struck!" Something like the following dialogue occurred at the table:

Landlord—Will you pray, Mr. Mild?

Mild—No, sir, I will not.

Landlord—Why not, Mr. Mild?

Mild—It don't pay, sir. I can't pray on such victuals as these. And unless you bind yourself in writing to set a better table than you have for the last three weeks, *nary another prayer do you get out of me!*

And that's the way the matter stood at latest advices.

XXI.

NAMES.

ANY name which is suggestive of a joke, however poor the joke may be, is often a nuisance. We were once "confined" in a printing-office with a man named Snow. Everybody who came in was bound to have a joke about Snow. If it was Summer the mad wags would say we ought to be cool, for we had Snow there all the time—which was a fact, though we sometimes wished Snow was where he would speedily melt. Not that we didn't like Snow. Far from it. His name was what disgusted us. It was also once our misfortune to daily mingle with a man named BERRY. We can't tell how many million times we heard him called Elderberry, Raspberry, Blueberry, Huckleberry, Gooseberry, etc. The thing nearly made him deranged. He joined the

filibusters and has made energetic efforts to get shot, but had not succeeded at last accounts, although we fear he has been "slewd" *numerously.* There is a good deal in a name, our usually correct friend W. SHAKESPEARE to the contrary notwithstanding.

Our own name is unfortunately one on which jokes, such as they are, can be made. We cannot present a tabular statement of the times we have done things brown (in the opinion of partial friends), or have been asked if we were related to the eccentric old slave and horse "liberator" whose recent Virginia Reel has attracted so much of the public's attention. Could we do so the array of figures would be appalling. And sometimes we think we will accept the first good offer of marriage that is made to us, for the purpose of changing our unhappy name, setting other interesting considerations entirely aside.

XXII.

HUNTING TROUBLE.

HUNTING trouble is too fashionable in this world. Contentment and jollity are not cultivated as they should be. There are too many prematurely-wrinkled, long and melancholy faces among us. There is too much swearing, sweating and slashing fuming, foaming and fretting around and about us all.

"A mad world, my masters."

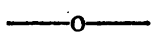
People rush out doors bareheaded and barefooted, as it were, and dash blindly into all sorts of dark alleys in quest of all sorts of Trouble, when "Goodness knows," if they will only sit calmly and pleasantly by their firesides, Trouble will knock soon enough at their doors.

Hunting Trouble is bad business. If we

ever are induced to descend from our pres ent proud position to become a member of the Legislature, or ever accumulate sufficient muscle, impudence, and taste for bad liquor to go to Congress, we shall introduce a "william" for the suppression of Trouble-hunting. We know Miss Slinkins, who incessantly frets because Miss Slurkins is better harnessed than she is, won't like it; and we presume the Simpkinses, who worry so much because the Perkinses live in a freestone-fronted house whilst theirs is only plain brick, won't like it also. It is doubtful, too, whether our long-haired friends, the Reformers (who think the machinery of the world is all out of joint, while we think it only needs a little greasing to run in first-rate style), will approve the measure. It is probable, indeed, that very many societies, of are formatory (and inflammatory) character, would frown upon the measure. But the measure would be a good one nevertheless.

Never hunt trouble. However dead a shot one may be, the gun he carries on such expeditions is sure to kick or go off

half cocked. Trouble will come soon enough, and when he does come receive him as pleasantly as possible. Like the tax-collector, he is a disagreeable chap to have in one's house, but the more amiably you greet him the sooner he will go away.



A MAN in Buffalo—an entire stranger to us—sends us a quarter-column puff of his business, with the cool request that we "copy as editorial, and oblige." If he does not eventually subside into a highway robber it won't be for lack of the necessary impudence.

XXIII.

HE FOUND HE WOULD.

SEVERAL years ago Bill McCracken lived in Peru, Indiana. [We were in Peru several years ago, and it was a nice place we *don't* think.] Mr. McCracken was a screamer, and had whipped all the recognized fighting men on the Wabash. One day somebody told him that Jack Long, blacksmith at Logansport, said he would give him (McCracken) a protracted fit of sickness if he would just come down there and smell of his bones. The McCracken at once laid in a stock of provisions, consisting of whiskey in glass and chickens in the shell, and started for Logansport. In a few days he was brought home in a bunged-up condition, on a cot-bed. One eye was gouged out, a portion of his nose was chawed off, his left arm was in a sling, his

head was done up in old rag, and he was pretty badly off himself. He was set down in the village bar-room, and turning to the crowd he, in a feeble voice, said, hot tears bedewing his face the while, "Boys, you know Jack Long said if I'd come down to Loginsput he'd whale h—ll out of me; and, boys, you know I didn't believe it, but I've been down thar and *I found he would.*"

He recovered after a lapse of years and led a better life. As he said himself, he returned from Logansport a changed man.

XXIV.

DARK DOINGS.

FOUR promising young men of this city attended a ball in the rural districts not long since. At a late hour they retired, leaving word with the clerk of the hotel to call them early in the morning, as they wanted to take the first train home. The clerk was an old friend of the "fellers," and he thought he would have a slight joke at their expense. So he burnt some cork and, with a sponge, blacked the faces of his city friends after they had got soundly asleep. In the morning he called them about ten minutes before the train came along. Feller No. 1 awoke and laughed boisterously at the sight which met his gaze. But he saw through it—the clerk had played his good joke on his three comrades, and of course he would keep mum. But it was a devilish good joke. Feller No. 2 awoke,

saw the three black men in the room, comprehended the joke, and laughed vociferously. But he would keep mum. Fellers No. 3 and 4 awoke, and experienced the same pleasant feeling; and there was the beautiful spectacle of four nice young men laughing heartily one at another, each one supposing the "urbane clerk" had spared him in his cork-daubing operations. They had only time to dress before the train arrived. They all got aboard, each thinking what a glorious joke it was to have his three companions go back to town with black faces. The idea was so rich that they all commenced laughing violently as soon as they got aboard the cars. The other passengers took to laughing also, and fun raged fast and furious, until the benevolent baggage-man, seeing how matters stood, brought a small pocket-glass and handed it around to the young men. They suddenly stopped laughing, rushed wildly for the baggage-car, washed their faces, and amused and instructed each other during the remainder of the trip with some eloquent flashes of silence.

XXV.

A HARD CASE.

We have heard of some very hard cases since we have enlivened this world with our brilliant presence. We once saw an able-bodied man chase a party of little school-children and rob them of their dinners. The man who stole the coppers from his deceased grandmother's eyes lived in our neighborhood, and we have read about the man who went to church for the sole purpose of stealing the testaments and hymn-books. But the hardest case we ever heard of lived in Arkansas. He was only fourteen years old. One night he deliberately murdered his father and mother in cold blood, with a meat-axe. He was tried and found guilty. The Judge drew on his black cap, and in a voice choked with emotion asked the young prisoner if he had anything to say before the sentence

of the Court was passed on him. The court-room was densely crowded and there was not a dry eye in the vast assembly. The youth of the prisoner, his beauty and innocent looks, the mild lamblike manner in which he had conducted himself during the trial—all, all had thoroughly enlisted the sympathy of the spectators, the ladies in particular. And even the Jury, who had found it to be their stern duty to declare him guilty of the appalling crime —even the Jury now wept aloud at this awful moment. "Have you anything to say?" repeated the deeply moved Judge. "Why, no," replied the prisoner, "I think I haven't, though I hope yer Honor will show some consideration FOR THE FEELINGS OF A POOR ORPHAN!" The Judge sentenced the perfect young wretch without delay.

XXVI.

REPORTERS.

THE following paragraph is going the rounds:

"How many a great man is now basking in the sunshine of fame generously bestowed upon him by the prolific genius of some reporter! How many stupid orations have been made brilliant, how many wandering, pointless, objectless speeches put in form and rendered at least readable, by the unknown reporter. How many a disheartened speaker, who was conscious the night before of a failure, before a thin, cold, spiritless audience, awakes delighted to learn that he has addressed an overwhelming assemblage of his enthusiastic, appreciating fellow-citizens, to find his speech sparkling with 'cheers,' breaking

out into 'immense applause,' and concluding amidst 'the wildest excitement!'"

There is considerable truth in the above, we are sorry to state. Reporters are too apt to smooth over and give a fair face to the stupidity and bombast of political and other public humbugs. For this they are not only seldom thanked but frequently are kicked. Of course this sort of thing is wrong. A Reporter should be independent enough to meet the approaches of gentlemen of the Nincompoop persuasion with a flat rebuff. He should never gloss over a political humbug, whether he belongs to "our side" or not. He is not thanked for doing it, and, furthermore, he loses the respect and confidence of his readers. There are many amiable gentlemen ornamenting the various walks of life who are under the impression that for a dozen bad cigars or a few drinks of worse whiskey they can purchase the "opinion" of almost any Reporter. It has been our pleasure on several occasions to disabuse those gentlemen of this impression.

Should another occasion of this kind

ever offer we feel that we should be "adequate" to treat it in a similar manner. A Reporter, we modestly submit, is as good as anybody and ought to feel that he is, everywhere and at all times. For one, let us quietly and without any show of vanity remark, that we are not only just as good as anybody else but a great deal better than very many we know of. We love God and hate Indians; pay our debts; support the Constitution of the United States; go in for Progress, Sunshine, Calico, and other luxuries; are perfectly satisfied and happy, and wouldn't swop "sits" with the President, Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of China, Sultan of Turkey, Brigham Young, or Nicholas Longworth. Success to us!

XXVII.

"BURIAL IN RICHMOND AND RESURRECTION IN BOSTON."

A drama with this title, written by a colored citizen (an artist by profession), the characters being performed by colored citizens, was played at the Melodeon last evening. There were several white persons present, though most of the audience were colored. The great variety of colors made a gay, and indeed we may say gorgeous spectacle.

A hasty sketch of this great moral production may not be uninteresting. Act 1st, scene 1st, discloses a log-cabin, with fifteen minutes' intermission between each log. "William, a spirited slave," and "John, the obedient slave," are in the cabin. William, the spirited slave, says he will be free. His blood is up. "Why," says William, "am I

here thus? Was this frame made to be a bondage? Shall *these* voice be hushed? Never, never, never!" "Oh, don't say it thus," says John, the obedient slave, "for thus it should not be. An' I tole ye what it was, now, jes take keer of them pistiles or they'll work yer ruins. Mind what I say Wilyim. As for me I shall stay here with my dear Julia!" (Immense applause.) "And so it has come to this, ha?" said William, the spirited slave, standing himself up straight and brandishing his arms in a terrific manner. "And so it has come to this, ha? And this is a free land, so it has come to this—to this—*to this.*" William appeared to be somewhat confused at this point, but a wealthy newsboy in the audience helped him out by crying, "or any other man." John and William then embraced, bitter tears moistening their manly breasts. "Farwel, Wilyim," said John, the obedient slave, "and bless you, bless you, me child." The spirited slave walks off and the obedient slave falls into a swoon. Tableau: The Goddess of Liberty appears in a Mackinaw blanket and pours incense

on the obedient slave. A member of the orchestra gets up and softly warbles on a bass drum. Angels are hearn singing in the distance. Curtain falls, the audience being soaking wet with tears.

Act 2, scene first, discloses the house of Mr. Lyons, a slaveholder in Virginia. Mr. Lyons, as we learn by the play, is "a member of the Whig Congress." He learns that William, his spirited slave, has escaped. This makes him very angry, and he says he will break every bone in William's body. He goes out and searches for William, but cannot find him, and comes back. He takes a heavy drink, is stricken with remorse and declares his intention to become a nun. John, the obedient slave, comes in and asks permission to marry Julia. Mr. Lyons says, certainly, by all means, and preparations are made for the wedding.

The wedding takes place. The scene that follows is rather incomprehensible. A young mariner has a clandestine interview with the obedient slave and receives $10 to make a large box. An elderly mariner—not that mariner, but another mariner—

rushes madly in and fires a horse-pistol into the air. He wheels, and is about going off, when a black Octoroon rushes madly in and fires another horse-pistol at the retreating mariner, who falls. He says he is going to make a die of it. Says he should have acted differently if he had only done otherwise, which was right, or else it wouldn't be so. He forgets his part and don't say anything more, but he wraps himself up in the American Flag and expires like a son of a gentleman. More warblings on the bass drum. The rest of the orchestra endeavor to accompany the drum, but are so deeply affected that they can't. There is a death-like stillness in the house. All was so still that had a cannon been fired off it could have been distinctly seen.

The next scene discloses a large square box. Several colored persons are seen standing round the square box. The mariner who was killed in the last scene commences knocking off the cover of the box. He pulls the cover off, and up jumps the obedient slave and his wife! The obedient

slave and his dear Julia fall out of the box. Great applause. They rush to the foot-lights and kneel. Quick music by the orchestra, in which the bass drum don't warble so much as she did. "I'm free! *I'm free!* I'M FREE!!" shrieks the obedient slave, "O I'm free!" The stage is suddenly lighted up in a gorgeous manner. The obedient slave and his dear Julia continue kneeling. The dead mariner blesses them. The Goddess of Liberty appears again—this time in a Beaver overcoat—and pours some more incense on to the obedient slave. An allegorical picture of Virtue appears in a red vest and military boots, on the left proscenium. John Brown the Barber appears as Lady Macbeth, and says there is a blue tinge into his nails, and consequently he is an Octoroon. Another actor wants to define his position on the Euclid street improvement, but is hissed down. Curtain descends amidst the admiring shouts of the audience, red fire, music, and the violent assertion of the obedient slave that he is free.

The play will not be repeated this even-

ing, as was announced. Due notice will be given of its next performance. It is the greatest effort of the kind that we ever witnessed.

———o———

EATING-MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—We understand that preparations are making for a grand Eating-Match for the Championship of America, to take place in this city some time next month. Two of our most voracious eaters, whose names we are not now permitted to give, will meet somewhere beyond the city limits and proceed to devour mush and milk until one of them bursts. The one who don't burst will be declared the victor, and come into possession of the Championship and the stakes, whatever they may be. The contestants are now training for the trial.

XXVIII

HE HAD THE LITTLE VOUCHER IN HIS POCKET.

L—— lived in this city several years ago. He dealt in horses, carriages, &c. Hearing of a good chance to sell buggies up West he embarked with a lot for that "great" country. At Toledo he took a Michigan Southern train. Somebody had, by way of a joke, warned him against the conductor of that particular train, telling him that said conductor had an eccentric way of taking up tickets at the beginning of the journey, and of denying that he had done so and demanding fare at the end thereof. This the confiding L—— swallowed. He determined not to be swindled in this way, and so when the conductor came around and asked him for his ticket he declined giving it up. The conductor insisted—L——

still refused. "I've got the little voucher in my pocket," he said, with a knowing look, slyly slapping the pocket which contained the ticket. The conductor glanced at L——'s stalwart frame. He had heard L—— spoken of as a fighting man. He preferred not to grapple with him. The train was a light one, and it so happened that L—— was the only man in this, the hind car. So the conductor had the train stopped, and quietly unhitched this car. "Good day, Mr. L——," he yelled, "just keep that little voucher in your pocket and be d——d to you!" L—— jumped up and saw the other cars moving rapidly away. He was left solitary and alone in a dismal piece of woods, known as the Black Swamp. He remained there in the car until night, when the down train came along and took him to Toledo. He had to pay fare, his up through-ticket not being good on that train. His buggies had gone unattended to Chicago. He was very angry. He finally got through, but he will never hear the last of that "little voucher."

XXIX.

THE GENTLEMANLY CONDUCTOR.

FEW have any idea of the trials and tribulations of the railway conductor—"the gentlemanly conductor," as one-horse newspapers delight in styling him. Unless you are gifted with the patience of the lamented Job, who, tradition informs us, had "biles" all over his body and didn't swear once, never go for a Conductor, me boy!

The other evening we enlivened a railroad car with our brilliant presence. Starting time was not quite up, and the passengers were amusing themselves by laughing, swearing, singing, and talking, according to their particular fancy. The Conductor came in and the following were a few of the questions put to him: One old fellow, who was wrapped up in a horse-blanket and who apparently had about two pounds of

pigtail in his mouth, wanted to know "What pint of compass the keers was travelin' in?" An old lady, surrounded by band-boxes and enveloped in flannels, wanted to know what time the 8 o'clock train left Rock Island for "Dubu-kue?" A carroty-haired young man wanted to know if "free omyibuses" run from the cars to the taverns in Toledo? A tall, razor-faced individual, evidently from the interior of Connecticut, desired to know if "conductin" paid as well eout West as it did deoun in his country; and a portly, close-shaven man, with round keen eyes, and in whose face you could read the interest-table, asked the price of corner lots in Omaha. These and many other equally absurd questions the conductor answered calmly and in a resigned manner. And we shuddered as we thought how he would have to answer a similar string of questions in each of the three cars ahead.

XXX.

A MAYORALTY ELECTION.

MESSRS. Senter and Coffinberry, two esteemed citizens, are the candidates. Here's a faint attempt at a specimen scene: An innocent German is discovered about half a mile from the polls of this or that ward. A dozen ticket-peddlers scent him ("even as the war-horse snuffs the battle," etc.), see him, and make a grand rush for him. They surround him, each shoves a bunch of tickets under his nose, and all commence bellowing in his ears: Here's the ticket yer want—Coffinberry. Here's Senter—Senterberry and Coffinter. What the h—l yer tryin' to fool the man for? Don't yer spose he knows who he wants ter vote for, say! 'Ere's the ticket—Sen—Coff—don't crowd—get off my toes, you d—d fool! Workin' men's ticket is the ticket

you want! To h—l wid yez workin' men's ticket, 'ere's the ticket yez want! No, by Cot, vote for Shorge P. Senter—he says he'll py all the peer for dems as votes for him as much more dan dey can trinks, by tam! Senter be d—d! Go for Coffinberry! Coffinberry was killed eight times in the Mexican war, and is in favor of justice and Pop'lar Sovrinty! Oh gas! Senter was at the battle of Tippe-ca-noo, scalped twelve Injuns and wrote a treatise on Horse-shoeing! Don't go for Coffinberry. He's down on all the Dutch, and swears he'll have all their heads chopped off and run into sausages if he's lected. Do you know what George B. Senter says about the Germans? He says by —— they're in the habit of stealing *live* American infants and hashing 'em up into head cheese, by ——! That's a lie! T'aint—I heard him say so with my own mouth. Let the man alone—stop yer pullin—I'll bust yer ear for yer yet. My Cot, my Cot, what tam dimes dese 'lections is. Will yez crowd a poor Jarman till death, yer d—d spalpanes, yez? Sen—Coff—Senterberry

and Coffinter—Working Men's—Repub—Dem—whoop—h—l—whooray—bully—y-e-o-u-c-h!!

The strongest side got the unfortunate German's vote, and he went sore and bleeding home, satisfied, no doubt, that this is a great country, and that the American Eagle will continue to be a deeply interesting bird while his wings are in the hands of patriots like the above. Scenes like the above (only our description is very imperfect) were played over and over again, at every ward in the city, yesterday.

Let us be thankful that the country is safe—but we should like to see some of the ward politicians gauged to-day, for we are confident the operation would exhibit an astonishing depth of whiskey.

Hurrah for the Bar-Stangled Spanner!

XXXI.

FISHING EXCURSION.

THE Leviathan, Capt. Wm. Sholl, left the foot of Superior street at 6 o'clock yesterday morning for a fishing excursion down the lake. There were about twenty persons in the party, and we think we never saw a more lovely lot of men. The noble craft swept majestically out of the Cuyahoga into the lake, and as she sped past a retired coal-dealer's office the Usher borrowed our pocket-handkerchief (which in the excess of his emotion he forgot to return us) to wipe away four large tears which trickled from his light bay eyes. On dashed the Leviathan at the rate of about forty-five knots an hour. The fishing-ground reached, the clarion voice of Sholl was heard to ejaculate, "Reef home the jib-boom, shorten the mainbrace, splice the forecastle, and throw

the hurricane-deck overboard! Lively, my lads!" "Aye, aye, Sir!" said Marsh, the chaplain of the expedition, in tones of thunder, and the gallant party sprang to execute the Captain's orders, the agile form of first-officer Hilliard being especially conspicuous in reefing the jib-boom. Lines were cast and the sport commenced. It seemed as though all the fish in the lake knew of our coming, and had collected in that particular spot for the express purpose of being caught! What teeth they had—sufficiently good, certainly, to bite a cartridge or anything else. The Usher caught the first fish—a small but beautiful bass, whose weight was about three inches and a half. The Usher was elated at this streak of luck, but his hand did not tremble, and he continued to haul the fish in until at noon he had caught thirteen firkins full, and he announced that he should fish no more. Cruelty was no part of his nature, and he did not think it right to slaughter fish in this way. Cross, Barney, and the rest, were immensely successful, and hauled in tremendous quantities of bass, perch, Mackinaw

trout, and Connecticut shad. Bone didn't catch a fish, and we shall never forget the sorrowful manner in which the poor fellow gazed upon our huge pile of beautiful bass, which occupied all of the quarter-deck and a large portion of the forecastle. Having fished enough the party went ashore, where they found Ab. McIlrath (who was fanning himself with a barn door), the Grand Commandant (who in a sonorous voice requested the parties, as they alighted from the small boats, to "keep their heads out of water"), the General (who was discussing with the Doctor the propriety of annexing East Cleveland to the United States), and several distinguished gentlemen from town, who had come down with life-preservers and ginger-pop. After disposing of a sumptuous lunch the party amused and instructed each other by conversation, and about 3 o'clock the shrill whistle of the Leviathan was sounded by Mike, the urbane and accomplished engineer, and the party were soon homeward bound. It was a good time.

XXXII.

RED HAND: A TALE OF REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

"Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player."—*Shakespeare.*
"Let me die to sweet music."—*J. W. Shuckers.*

"Go forth, Clarence Stanley! Hence to the bleak world, dog! You have repaid my generosity with the blackest ingratitude. You have forged my name on a five thousand dollar check—have repeatedly robbed my money-drawer—have perpetrated a long series of high-handed villainies, and now to-night, because, forsooth, I'll not give you more money to spend on your dissolute companions you break a chair over my aged head. Away! You are a young man of small moral principle. Don't ever speak to me again!"

These harsh words fell from the lips of Horace Blinker, one of the merchant princes of New York city. He spoke to Clarence

Stanley, his adopted son and a beautiful youth of nineteen summers. In vain did Clarence plead his poverty, his tender age and inexperience; in vain did he fasten those lustrous blue eyes of his appealingly and tearfully upon Mr. Blinker, and tell him he would make the pecuniary matter all right in the fall, and that he merely shattered a chair over his head by way of a joke. The stony-hearted man was remorseless, and that night Clarence Stanley became a wanderer in the wide, wide world! As he went forth he uttered these words: "H. Blinker, beware! A RED HAND is around, my fine feller!"

CHAPTER II.

"—— a man of strange, wild mien—one who has seen trouble."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"You ask me, don't I wish to see the Constitution dissolved and broken up. I answer, *never, never,* NEVER!"—*H. W. Faxon.*

"They will join our expedition."—*Anon.*

"Go in on your muscle."—*President Buchanan's instructions to the Collector of Toledo.*

"Westward the hoe of Empire Stars its way."—*George N. True.*

"Where liberty dwells there is my kedentry."—*C. R. Dennett.*

SEVENTEEN years have become ingulfed

in the vast and moist ocean of eternity since the scene depicted in the last chapter occurred. We are in Mexico. Come with me to the Scarlet Banditti's cave. It is night. A tempest is raging tempestuously without, but within we find a scene of dazzling magnificence. The cave is spacious. Chandeliers of solid gold hang up suspended round the gorgeously furnished room, and the marble floor is star-studded with flashing diamonds. It must have cost between two hundred dollars to fit this cave up. It embraced all of the modern improvements. At the head of the cave life-size photographs (by Ryder) of the bandits, and framed in gilt, were hung up suspended. The bandits were seated around a marble table, which was sculped regardless of expense, and were drinking gin and molasses out of golden goblets. When they got out of gin fresh supplies were brought in by slaves from a two-horse wagon outside, which had been captured that day, after a desperate and bloody struggle, by the bandits, on the plains of Buena Vista.

At the head of the table sat the Chief.

His features were swarthy but elegant. He was splendidly dressed in new clothes, and had that voluptuous, dreamy air of grandeur about him which would at once rivet the gaze of folks generally. In answer to a highly enthusiastic call he arose and delivered an able and eloquent speech. We regret that our space does not permit us to give this truly great speech in full—we can merely give a synopsis of the distinguished speaker's remarks: "Comrades! listen to your chief. You all know my position on Lecompton. Where I stand in regard to low tolls on the Ohio Canal is equally clear to you, and so with the Central American question. I believe I understand my little Biz. I decline defining my position on the Horse Railroad until after the Spring Election. Whichever way I says I don't say so myself unless I says so also. Comrades! be virtuous and you'll be happy." The Chief sat down amidst great applause, and was immediately presented with an elegant gold-headed cane by his comrades, as a slight testimonial of their respect.

CHAPTER III.

"This is the last of Earth."—*Page.*

"The hope of America lies in its well-conducted school-houses."—*Bonz.*

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that I want the Union to be Reserved."—*N. T. Nash.*

"Sine qua non Ipe Dixit Quid pro quo cui bono Ad infinitim E Unibus plurum."—*Brown.*

Two hours later. Return we again to the Banditti's Cave. Revelry still holds high carnival among the able and efficient bandits. A knock is heard at the door. From his throne at the head of the table the Chief cries, "Come in!" and an old man, haggard, white haired, and sadly bent, enters the cave.

"Messieurs," he tremblingly ejaculates, "for seventeen years I have not tasted of food!"

"Well," says a kind-hearted bandit, "if that's so I expect you must be rather faint. We'll get you up a warm meal immediately, stranger."

"Hold!" whispered the Chief in tones of thunder, and rushing slowly to the spot; "this is about played out. Behold in me

RED HAND, the Bandit Chief, once Clarence Stanley, whom you cruelly turned into a cold world seventeen years ago this very night! Old man, prepare to go up!" Saying which the Chief drew a sharp carving knife and cut off Mr. Blinker's ears. He then scalped Mr. B., and cut all of his toes off. The old man struggled to extricate himself from his unpleasant situation, but was unsuccessful.

"My goodness," he piteously exclaimed, "I must say you are pretty rough. It seems to me ——."

This is all of this intensely interesting tale that will be published in the PLAIN DEALER. The remainder of it may be found in the great moral family paper, "The Windy Flash," published in New York, by Stimpkins. The Windy Flash circulates 4,000,000 copies weekly.

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IT'S A MORAL PAPER.
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SOLD AT ALL THE CORNER GROCERIES.
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SOLD AT ALL THE CORNER GROCERIES.

XXXIII.

THE LAST OF THE CULKINSES—A DUEL IN CLEVELAND—DISTANCE TEN PACES—BLOODY RESULT—FLIGHT OF ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS—FULL PARTICULARS.

A FEW weeks since a young Irishman named Culkins wandered into Cleveland from New York. He had been in America only a short time. He overflowed with book learning, but was mournfully ignorant of American customs, and as innocent and confiding withal as the Babes in the Wood. He talked much of his family, their commanding position in Connaught, Ireland, their immense respectability, their chivalry, and all that sort of thing. He was the only representative of that mighty race in this country. "I'm the last of the Culkinses!" he would frequently say, with a tinge of romantic sadness, meaning, we

suppose, that he would be the last when the elder Culkins (in the admired language of the classics) "slipped his wind." Young Culkins proposed to teach Latin, Greek, Spanish, Fardown Irish, and perhaps Choctaw, to such youths as desired to become thorough linguists. He was not very successful in this line, and concluded to enter the office of a prominent law firm on Superior street, as a student. He dove among the musty and ponderous volumes with all the enthusiasm of a wild young Irishman, and commenced cramming his head with law at a startling rate. He lodged in the back-room of the office, and previous to retiring, he used to sing the favorite ballads of his own Emerald Isle. The boy who was employed in the office directly across the hall used to go to the Irishman's door and stick his ear to the key-hole with a view to drinking in the gushing melody by the quart or perhaps pailful. This vexed Mr. Culkins, and considerably marred the pleasure of the thing, as witness the following:

"O come to me when daylight sets

[What yez doing at that door yer d——d spalpane?]

Sweet, then come to me!

[I'll twist the nose off of yez presently, me honey!]

When softly glide our gondolettes

[Bedad, I'll do murther to yez, young gintlemin!]

O'er the moonlit sea."

Of course this couldn't continue. This, in short, was rather more than the blood of the Culkinses could stand, so the young man, through whose veins such a powerful lot of that blood courses, sprang to the door, seized the eaves dropping boy, drew him within and commenced to severely chastise him. The boy's master, the gentleman who occupied the office across the hall, here interfered, pulled Mr. Culkins off, thrust him gently against the wall and slightly choked him. Mr. Culkins bottled his furious wrath for that night, but in the morning he uncorked it and threatened the

gentleman (whom for convenience sake we will call Smith) with all sorts of vengeance. He obtained a small horsewhip and tore furiously through the town, on the look-out for Smith.

He sent Smith a challenge, couched in language so scathingly hot that it burnt holes through the paper, and when it reached Smith it was riddled like an old-fashioned milk strainer. No notice was taken of the challenge, and Culkins' wrath became absolutely terrific. He wrote hand-bills which he endeavored to have printed, posting Smith as a coward. He wrote a communication for the New Herald, explaining the whole matter. (This wasn't very rich, we expect). He urged us to publish his challenge to Smith. Somebody told him that Smith was intending to flee the city in fear on an afternoon train, and Culkins proceeded to the depot, horsewhip in hand, to lie in wait for him. This was Saturday last. During the afternoon Smith concluded to accept the challenge. Seconds and a surgeon were selected, and we are mortified to state that at 10 o'clock in the

evening Scranton's Bottom was desecrated with a regular duel. The frantic glee of Culkins when he learned his challenge had been accepted can't be described. Our pen can't do it—a pig-pen couldn't. He wrote a long letter to his uncle in New York, and to his father in Connaught. At about ten o'clock the party proceeded to the field. The moon was not up, the darkness was dense, the ground was unpleasantly moist, and the lights of the town, which gleamed in the distance, only made the scene more desolate and dreary. The ground was paced off and the men arranged. While this was being done the surgeon, by the light of a dark lantern, arranged his instruments, which consisted of 1 common handsaw, 1 hatchet, 1 butcher knife, a large variety of smaller knives, and a small mountain of old rag. Neither of the principals exhibited any fear. Culkins insisted that, as the challenging party, he had the right to the word fire. This, after a bitter discussion, was granted. He urged his seconds to place him facing towards the town, so that the lights would be in his favor. This was

done without any trouble, the immense benefits of that position not being discovered by Smith's second.

"If I fall," said Culkins to his second, "see me respectably buried and forward bill to Connaught. Believe me, it will be cashed." The arms (horse-pistols) were given to the men, and one of Culkins' seconds said:

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

SMITH—Ready.

CULKINS—Ready. The blood of the Culkinses is aroused!

SECOND—One, Two, Three—fire!

Culkins' pistol didn't go off. Smith didn't fire. "That was generous in Smith, not to fire," said a second. "It was INDADE," said Culkins, "I did not think it of the low-lived scoundrel!"

The word was again given. Crack went both pistols simultaneously. The smoke slowly cleared away, and the principals were discovered standing stock-still. The silence and stillness for a moment were awful. No one moved. Soon Smith was seen to reel and then to slowly fall. His

second and the surgeon rushed to him. Culkins made a tremendous effort to fly from the field but was restrained by his seconds. The honor of the Culkinses," he roared, " is untarnished—why the divil won't yez let me go? H—ll's blazes, men, will yez be after giving me over to the bailiffs? Docther, Docther," he shouted, " is he mortally wounded?" The doctor said they could not tell—that he was wounded in the shoulder—that a carriage would be sent for and the wounded man taken to his house. Here a heart-rending groan came from Smith, and Culkins, with a Donnybrook shriek, burst from his seconds, knocked over the doctor's lantern, and fled towards the town like greased lightning amidst a chorus of excited voices.

" Hold him!"

" Stop him!"

" Grab him by the coat-tails!"

" Shoot him!"

" Head him off!"

And half of the party started after him at an express-train rate. There was some very fine running indeed. Culkins was

brought to a sudden stop against a tall board fence, but he sprang back and cleared it like an English hunter, and tore like a lunatic for the city. Half an hour later the party might have been seen, if it hadn't been so pesky dark, groping blindly around the office in which Culkins had been a student at law.

"Are you here, Culkins?" said one.

"Before Culkins answers that," said a smothered voice in the little room, "tell me who yez are."

"Friends—your seconds!"

"Gintlemin, Culkins is here. The last of the Culkinses is under the bed."

He was dragged out. "I hope," he said, "the ignoble wretch is not dead, but I call you to witness, gintlemin, that he grossly insulted me." [We don't care what folks say, but choking a man is a gross insult. Eds. P. D.] He was persuaded to retire. There was no danger of his being disturbed that night, as the watch were sleeping sweetly as usual in the big arm-chairs of the various hotels, and he would be able to fly the city in the morning. He had a haggard

and wornout look yesterday morning. Two large bailiffs, he said, had surrounded the building in the night, and he had not slept a wink. And to add to his discomfiture his coat was covered with a variegated and moist mixture, which he thought must be some of the brains of his opponent, they having spattered against him as he passed the dying man in his flight from the field. As Smith was not dead (though the surgeon said he would be confined to his house for several weeks, and there was some danger of mortification setting in), Culkins wisely concluded that the mixture might be something else. A liberal purse was made up for him, and at an early hour yesterday morning the last of the Culkinses went down St. Clair street on a smart trot. He took this morning's Lakeshore express train at some way-station, and is now on his way to New York. The most astonishing thing about the whole affair is the appearance on the street to-day, apparently well and unhurt, of the gentleman who was so badly "wounded in the shoulder." But a duel was actually "fit."

XXXIV.

HOW OLD ABE RECEIVED THE NEWS OF HIS NOMINATION.

THERE are several reports afloat as to how "Honest Old Abe" received the news of his nomination, none of which are correct. We give the correct report.

The Official Committee arrived in Springfield at dewy eve, and went to Honest Old Abe's house. Honest Old Abe was not in. Mrs. Honest Old Abe said Honest Old Abe was out in the woods splitting rails. So the Official Committee went out into the woods, where sure enough they found Honest Old Abe splitting rails with his two boys. It was a grand, a magnificent spectacle. There stood Honest Old Abe in his shirt-sleeves, a pair of leather home-made suspenders holding up a pair of home-made pantaloons, the seat of which was neatly

patched with substantial cloth of a different color. "Mr. Lincoln, Sir, you've been nominated, Sir, for the highest office, Sir ——." "Oh, don't bother me," said Honest Old Abe, "I took a *stent* this mornin' to split three million rails afore night, and I don't want to be pestered with no stuff about no Conventions till I get my stent done. I've only got two hundred thousand rails to split before sundown. I kin do it if you'll let me alone." And the great man went right on splitting rails, paying no attention to the Committee whatever. The Committee were lost in admiration for a few moments, when they recovered, and asked one of Honest Old Abe's boys whose boy he was? "I'm my parents' boy," shouted the urchin, which burst of wit so convulsed the Committee that they came very near "gin'in eout" completely. In a few moments Honest Old Abe finished his task, and received the news with perfect self-possession. He then asked them up to the house, where he received them cordially. He said he split three million rails every day, although he was in very poor health. Mr. Lincoln is a

jovial man, and has a keen sense of the ludicrous. During the evening he asked Mr. Evarts, of New York, "why Chicago was like a hen crossing the street?" Mr. Evarts gave it up. "Because," said Mr. Lincoln, "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man!" This exceedingly humorous thing created the most uproarious laughter.

XXXV.

ROBERTO THE ROVER:—A TALE OF SEA AND SHORE.

CHAPTER I.—FRANCE.

OUR story opens in the early part of the year 17—. France was rocking wildly from centre to circumference. The arch despot and unscrupulous man, Richard the III., was trembling like an aspen leaf upon his throne. He had been successful, through the valuable aid of Richelieu and Sir Wm. Donn, in destroying the Orleans Dysentery, but still he trembled! O'Mulligan, the snake-eater of Ireland, and Schnappsgoot of Holland, a retired dealer in gin and sardines, had united their forces—some nineteen men and a brace of bull pups in all—and were overtly at work, their object being to oust the tyrant. O'Mulligan was a

young man between fifty-three years of age, and was chiefly distinguished for being the son of his aunt on his great grandfather's side. Schnappsgoot was a man of liberal education, having passed three weeks at Oberlin College. He was a man of great hardihood, also, and would frequently read an entire column of "railway matters" in the Cleveland Herald without shrieking with agony.

Chapter II.—The King.

The tyrant Richard the III. (late Mr. Gloster) sat upon his throne in the Palace d' St. Cloud. He was dressed in his best clothes, and gorgeous trappings surrounded him everywhere. Courtiers, in glittering and golden armor, stood ready at his beck. He sat moodily for a while, when suddenly his sword flashed from its silvern scabbard, and he shouted—

"Slaves, some wine, ho!"

The words had scarcely escaped his lips

ere a bucket of champagne and a hoe were placed before him.

As the king raised the bucket to his lips, a deep voice near by, proceeding from the mouth of the noble Count Staghisnibs, cried—"Drink hearty, old feller."

"Reports, traveling on lightning-wings, whisper of strange goings on and cuttings up throughout this kingdom. Knowest thou aught of these things, most noble Hellitysplit?" and the king drew from the upper pocket of his gold-faced vest a paper of John Anderson's solace and proceeded to take a chaw.

"Treason stalks monster-like throughout unhappy France, my liege!" said the noble Hellitysplit. The ranks of the P. Q. R's are daily swelling, and the G. R. J. A.'s are constantly on the increase. Already the peasantry scout at cat-fish, and demand pickled salmon for their noonday repasts. But, my liege," and the brave Hellitysplit's eyes flashed fire, "myself and sword are at thy command!"

"Bully for you, Count," said the king. "But soft: methinks report—perchance

unjustly—hast spoken suspiciously of thee, most Royal d'Sardine? How is this? Is it a newspaper yarn? WHAT'S UP?"

D'Sardine meekly approached the throne, knelt at the king's feet, and said: "Most patient, gray, and red-headed skinner; my very approved shin-plaster: that I've been asked to drink by the P. Q. R.'s, it is most true; true, I have imbibed sundry mugs of lager with them. The very head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more."

"Tis well!" said the King, rising and looking fiercely around. "Hadst thou proved false I would with my own good sword have cut off yer head, and spilled your ber-lud all over the floor! If I wouldn't, blow me!"

CHAPTER III.—THE ROVER.

THRILLING as the scenes depicted in the preceding chapter indubitably were, those of this are decidedly THRILLINGER. Again are we in the mighty presence of the King,

and again is he surrounded by splendor and gorgeously-mailed courtiers. A seafaring man stands before him. It is Roberto the Rover, disguised as a common sailor.

"So," said the King, "thou wouldst have audience with me!"

"Aye, aye, yer 'onor," said the sailor, "just tip us yer grapplin irons and pipe all hands on deck. Reef home yer jibpoop and splice yer main topsuls. Man the jibboom and let fly yer top-gallunts. I've seen some salt water in my days, yer landlubber, but shiver my timbers if I hadn't rather coast among seagulls than landsharks. My name is Sweet William. You're old Dick the Three! Ahoy! Awast! Dam my eyes!" and Sweet William pawed the marble floor and swung his tarpaulin after the manner of sailors on the stage, and consequently, not a bit like those on shipboard.

"Mariner," said the King, gravely, "thy language is exceeding lucid, and leads me to infer that things is workin' bad."

"Aye, aye, my hearty!" yelled Sweet William, in dulcet strains, reminding the

King of the "voluptuous smell of physic," spoken of by the late Mr. Byron.

"What wouldst thou, seafaring man?" asked the King.

"This!" cried the Rover, suddenly taking off his maritime clothing and putting on an expensive suit of silk, bespangled with diamonds. "This! I am Roberto the Rover!"

The King was thunder-struck. Cowering back in his chair of state, he said in a tone of mingled fear and amazement, "Well, may I be gaul-darned!"

"Ber-lud! ber-lud! ber-lud!" shrieked the Rover, as he drew a horse-pistol and fired it at the King, who fell fatally killed, his last words being, "WE ARE GOVERNED TOO MUCH—THIS IS THE LAST OF EARTH!!!" At this exciting juncture Messrs. O'Mulligan and Schnappsgoot (who had previously entered into a copartnership with the Rover for the purpose of doing a general killing business) burst into the room and cut off the heads and let out the inwards of all the noblemen they encountered. They then killed themselves and died like heroes,

wrapped up in the Star Spangled Banner, to slow music.

The Rover fled. He was captured near Marseilles and thrust into prison, where he lay for sixteen weary years, all attempts to escape being futile. One night a lucky thought struck him. He raised the window and got out. But he was unhappy. Remorse and dyspepsia preyed upon his vitals. He tried Bœrhave's Holland Bitters and the Retired Physician's Sands of Life, and got well. He then married the lovely Countess D'Smith, and lived to a green old age, being the triumph of virtue and downfall of vice.

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